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G. D. H. COLE: The Future of Socialism

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The Invasion of Costa Rica

As the story of aggression against Costa Rica comes to be told in full, however the affair may end, the facts will show that a heavy responsibility rests on the United States. A word from Washington could make "Tacho" Somoza, the dictator of Nicaragua, abandon the force which was trained and equipped in his country; an air-lift could supply sufficient weapons for the Costa Rican Civil Guard—there are no regular troops—to suppress this attempt to wreck the only stable and progressive regime in Central America. If the U.S. gives neither diplomatic nor military aid to Costa Rica, this will confirm suspicions that the State Department has given at least tacit encouragement to Somoza to repeat against Costa Rica the tactics which were so successful against Guatemala. In that case, rebels armed by Honduras and Nicaragua invaded the country, and they were actively supported by U.S. business interests, the State Department and the U.S. ambassador in Guatemala, Mr. Peurifoy. This intervention was justified by the charge that Guatemala was passing under Communist control, and the pretence that Guatemala was faced with internal revolt was used as an excuse for refusing aid.

Though no one has yet claimed that President Figueres is a Communist sympathiser, there are other close similarities between the Guatemalan affair and the invasion which started on Tuesday. First of all, the Costa Rican Government gave warning of it, and asked for help. Secondly, everything is being done to pretend that it is a genuine rebellion, though the "rebel" units have been flown across the frontier and are being supplied by planes based on Nicaragua. Lastly, and most important, now that Guatemala has been brought into line with its neighbours, Costa Rica is the only country in Central America which has a democratic regime, free trade unions, a labour code and social insurance. It is a regime, moreover, which puts some reasonable restrictions on the profits and investment programmes of U.S. companies.

President Figueres had good reason to fear that his country was next on the list after Guatemala, and that the task of "liberating" the Costa Ricans would fall to President Somoza, his most bitter enemy, the "policeman of Central America," whom the U.S. Marines installed in power more than twenty years ago. Somoza helped organise the Guatemalan intervention and—as a reliable ally—received substantial shipment of U.S. arms last year. Once before, during the short Costa Rican civil war of 1948, units were sent from Nicaragua to assist the defeated candidate in the elections—a civil war in which, significantly, the irregular troops led by Figueres in support of the Government received arms from Guatemala. In 1951, an abortive revolt in Costa Rica was sponsored by Somoza, and the leader of the losing side in the civil war is now said to be Somoza's personal adviser.

What grounds are there for believing that Mr. Dulles is interested in this "liberation" of Costa Rica? He has undoubtedly had his suspicions of Costa Rica since its Government ostentatiously refused to attend the Caracas Conference last year—when the South American republics were pushed into a condemnation of Guatemala—as a protest against the ruthless dictatorship in Venezuela. And, in the last two or three years, U.S. policy in Latin America has jettisoned the last traces of the Good Neighbour policies of President Roosevelt. Though Washington no longer sends in the Marines, it is using men like Somoza and the Venezuelan leaders to deal with "Communism," to provide armed bases for the protection of the Panama Canal, and to safeguard the interests of U.S. fruit, railway, power and oil interests. Far from aiding democracy—and Costa Rica is the most liberal State in the Caribbean—the U.S. has been actively aiding and intriguing with the most ruthless and disreputable elements in Central America.

Though Washington may be more discreet now, after the unpleasant publicity that was given to its part in the Guatemalan affair, it is impossible to believe that Somoza would have acted unless, at the minimum, he had

been assured of a free hand. Last Sunday, moreover, a curious news item appeared in the *New York Times*. Discussing the coming visit of Vice-President Nixon—"principal good-will ambassador and trouble-shooter" for the U.S. Government—to Latin America, the newspaper wrote that, apart from helping to "cement inter-American relations" he has "the task of trying to tidy up a domestic situation in one of the countries he will visit." The country and the situation, the report continued, "are still top secrets": officials would not mention them lest they "breached the national security." The only way in which growing uneasiness about U.S. policy in Central America can be dispelled would be for the Security Council to give prompt and effective support to President Figueres.

M. Mendès-France on Tour

Having produced, to appease his "Europeans," the draft of a plan for a supranational authority to control the arms production and distribution of the seven members (including Britain) of the Western European Union, M. Mendès-France has tried to "sell" it, first, in Rome, where the official reaction appears to have been favourable. This week-end, when he tries it out on Dr. Adenauer, the reception is likely to be distinctly more chilly: the West German view is that any such authority, taking decisions (as the French propose) by a majority vote, would discriminate against Germany, and be, in fact, a device for impeding German rearmament. As the British attitude to the plan seems to be equally "reserved," the idea is probably stillborn; and it seems equally doubtful whether the Premier and the Chancellor can make much headway in making the Saar Agreement less unpalatable to German nationalists.

A Setback in Buganda

When the Hancock Report on constitutional reform in Buganda was published last November it became clear that both political opportunists and the traditionalists were searching for loopholes through which to criticise it. They seized upon two main issues. First, whether the constitutional reforms could be accepted without the approval of the Kabaka and, second, how a new Katikiro could be appointed before the return of the Kabaka. A delegation from the Lukiko came to London to discuss these points. It returned with both of them solved. The Kabaka was to be allowed to express his approval after the Lukiko had debated the proposals. A new Katikiro was to be appointed in an acting capacity, and his Staff of Office handed over when the Kabaka returned. It was thought that with these two solutions in their pocket the members of the delegation would have little difficulty in persuading the Lukiko to agree in principle to the Hancock proposals and thus to pave the way for constitutional reform and the Kabaka's return. Now, however, the opponents of the Hancock Report in the Lukiko have succeeded in securing further delay by the appointment of yet another constitutional committee to suggest an entirely new set of proposals.

It is somewhat surprising to find that this opposition is led by Dr. Kalibala, who was himself a member both of the delegation to London and of the Hancock Committee. There is irony in this situation. For, in the first instance, Sir Andrew Cohen refused to approve Dr. Kalibala's selection to the Hancock Committee on the grounds that he had been living in America for the past twenty years. The Government gave way only in deference to Baganda opinion. It may be that the publication of the Kabaka's approval of the Hancock proposals and the announcement of the two constitutional solutions may cause the Lukiko to have second thoughts on its delaying tactics. Its present attitude reveals, however, the difficulty of developing democratic institutions in a feudal state. Dr. Kalibala is supported both by those who wish to see the Governor's powers drastically reduced, and by the traditionalists who are anxious to preserve their feudal rights. Meanwhile, they are both hindering their common ambition—the restoration of the Kabaka.

The Visit to Peking

The decision by the United Nations to send its Secretary-General on a mission to a country whose government is, in effect, not recognised by the U.N., was a singular act of diplomacy—rather like sending the mountain to visit Mahomet—and the communiqué issued on Mr. Hammarskjold's departure is not the least curious feature of the odd affair. Officially the purpose of the Secretary-General's mission was to secure the release of the eleven American airmen convicted as spies and imprisoned by the Chinese Government; he was also to negotiate for the liberation of other personnel from the U.N. Command in Korea still allegedly held captive in China. Presumably, these specific points were raised in the conversations between Mr. Hammarskjold and Mr. Chou En-lai; but all the communiqué says is that in the course of "useful" talks "reference was made at the same time to questions pertinent to the relaxation of world tension." Did the Chinese Prime Minister put it to Mr. Hammarskjold—no doubt with circumspectly diplomatic politeness—that the surest way of securing from the Chinese Government the acts of clemency for which the U.N. hope would be to accord to China membership of the comity of nations, and not to treat her as a pariah? The most useful outcome of the meeting will be if the Secretary-General can bring the U.N. to realise that "peaceful co-existence" involves the admission to the U.N. of the established Government of China. Unfortunately, though the U.N. spokesman said on Tuesday that Mr. Hammarskjold had "made progress" in the matter of the airmen, Admiral Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and Senator Smith, of New Jersey, were talking at the same time about an Allied blockade of China.

Curbing the Stock Markets

After an almost uninterrupted boom, which had raised the average value of stocks by 65 per cent. since September, 1953, the Wall Street market staged last week a sharp two-day slump. The immediate cause was the decision by the Federal Reserve Board to require speculators to put up 60 per cent., instead of 50 per cent., of the value of shares purchased on margin. This caused a quick reaction of prices, which, in turn, "uncovered" a considerable volume of "stop loss" orders to sell; and in forty-eight hours over $3 billions of paper values were wiped out in the Wall Street market. Selling, however, was short-lived: the American investor continued to take an optimistic view, and the "shake-out" of weak holders was followed by a vigorous market recovery, notwithstanding the fact that Senator Fulbright has announced that he will ask the Senate Banking and Currency Committee to investigate the "forces" which have caused the past fifteen months' boom. It is understandable that the American authorities should be anxious lest speculation financed with borrowed money may get out of hand, and it may be surmised that Mr. Butler is giving critical attention to the parallel, and only slightly less spectacular inflation of stock market values in this country. Here there is no machinery requiring speculators to put up a specified proportion of the value of shares bought "for the account"; but the Chancellor could undoubtedly arrange for the curtailment of "carry over" facilities, either by making representations to the Council of the Stock Exchange, or by asking the banks to cut down loans to brokers.

WASHINGTON

The State of the Congress

Our American Correspondent writes: With the President's innocuous State of the Union message out of the way, the United States Congress has settled down in a pattern almost indistinguishable from that before the election. Senator McCarthy has taken his place beside his erstwhile foes, Senators Flanders, Watkins and Case, on the Committee on Committees, the body which passes on the assignment of legislators to the various committees. Because of the rules on seniority, the chairmanship of the key groups will go mostly to conservative Southern Democrats. And the senior opposition members of each committee will be those who were the chairmen during the Republican majority before last November. Conservative domination of the legislative process thus remains unchallenged.

The liberals are just as weak within their own party organisations. Eisenhower's closest supporters in the Republican Senatorial delegation have failed to achieve any position of control. Senator Knowland retains his position as Floor Leader, despite a liberal attempt to oust him. Senator Bridges, the leader of the extreme right wing, has been named head of the Republican Policy Committee, and Senator Millikin, no less a scion of reaction, has been re-elected chairman of the Senate Republican Conference, the equivalent of a parliamentary party. All three Senators voted against censure of McCarthy.

An admission of weakness by the liberal Northern Democrats has been made in connection with their strategy concerning civil rights. With the exception of Senator Lehman, all members of this grouping surrendered without a fight their traditional demand for the adoption of anti-filibuster rules. By means of the filibuster, Southern Democrats are able to talk down measures to assure the rights of Negroes and other minority groups. Lehman had proposed an early showdown on this issue. The other Northern Democrats, led by Senator Humphrey, decided not to wage an anti-filibuster fight this year on the grounds that it was "impractical." Humphrey,

formerly one of the most ardent civil libertarians who often stirred Southern ire, argued that, since the motion had no chance of passage in any event, it could only split the party, united now as never before. At this session of Congress, Humphrey urged, it was more important for the Democrats to stand together and "get things done." Just what he had in mind was not immediately explained, but there has been talk of some Northern Democrats who in the past have proved so troublesome to the Southern faction being rewarded with choice committee assignments for dropping the fight. Some Democrats have been arguing privately that such a policy of compromise can never win victories for the party. To take a neutral course in the interests of harmony, they say, is the best way to ensure President Eisenhower's re-election.

INDIA

The Beginning of Family Planning

Our Correspondent in New Delhi writes: That it is possible to control the size of one's family when living a normal married life is such a novel idea to millions of Indian villagers that it is liable to be greeted with incredulous amusement. Squatting at the entrance to her mud house in a village near Delhi, with children swarming around her and flies swarming around the children, a sad-faced mother said to a woman from the big city who broached the subject of family planning: "I have three sons and three daughters. I don't want any more, but how can I help it or how could you help me? The number destined for me must be born."

Family planning workers were warned that they would be rebuffed. "People will never understand what you are talking about. They will stone you out of the village if you suggest such a thing." In fact, they meet as a rule not with hostility but with incredulity. Once the possibility of being able to control the size of the family is grasped, the response is eager. Some mothers say that it is only sensible, if you want a family at all, to have as many children as you can, because the number dying in babyhood usually keeps the number surviving low. When it is explained that if babies are spaced, as paddy plants are spaced, they have a better chance of survival, the reaction often is: "That sounds all right, but how can anyone space births?" The news that such a thing is feasible spreads like wildfire, and the few clinics and hospitals within reach are besieged by eager inquirers. Indeed, where experimental projects in family planning have been started, 75 per cent. of those approached welcome the facilities provided and express readiness to learn. The compelling motive appears to be to a large extent economic. In a great number of cases parents say they would prefer a large family, if only they had the means to provide normal comforts, and if the health of the mothers and children could be reasonably assured.

The knowledge which can be given is limited by the absence of any completely safe, effective, economical and acceptable method of control: but research into all aspects of the problem is being energetically pursued. A fair trial has been given to the "rhythm method," so far with only moderate success. A factor favourable to the experiment is that Indians are accustomed to a pattern of abstinence for socially accepted reasons. Amongst large sections of the population sexual relations are avoided on certain feast days and religious festivals, on new and old moon nights, and on days of sewing or harvesting. To persuade couples to try the rhythm method, calendar cards or coloured beads are offered to help them to keep count of "baby" or "no-baby" days. Illiteracy limits the use of the cards and some women reject the beads, for fear that they are "magic." Others accept them for the same reason. Meanwhile the search for more effective methods goes on. Experiments with chemicals and herbs are pursued. Is the secret that eludes the modern scientist and the sophisticated citizen of the plains locked in the minds of the primitive tribal folk in the hills? Amongst certain Indian tribespeople, sons and daughters enjoy a free sex life before marriage without a corresponding number of conceptions.

With 12,500 more mouths to be fed in India every day, social and family planning cannot stand still until perfect processes are devised. Education, research and guidance continue cautiously and steadily with the knowledge and equipment available. Of popular co-operation there is no stint. In a village on the outskirts of Bombay, for example, no sooner had the idea of family planning caught on, than a local committee was set up to interest the whole populace and to organise whatever facilities could be arranged. A retired judge became the chairman and the village goldsmith the secretary. Other members are the head policeman, the postman and an insurance clerk. Thus rural India is becoming aware of the need to take action and is eager to find the way.

KENYA

The Uprooting of Jaswant Singh

Our Kenya Correspondent writes: Re-entry into Kenya has been prohibited by the Principal Immigration Officer for Mr. Jaswant Singh, a Nairobi Indian lawyer and a respected member of the community, who went to India towards the close of last year for what he had imagined would be a short holiday. Mr. Singh is a member of the Executive Committee of the Kenya Indian Congress and figured as junior counsel in the 1953 trial of Jomo Kenyatta and his six associates. He is married to a Kenya-born girl and has one daughter. It is a strange ban. When he left for his "holiday," Mr. Singh's passport was endorsed for re-entry into the Colony. But almost as soon as his back was turned the Principal Immigration Officer must have started examining the case for locking him out. Soon afterwards, on November 12, he came to the decision that Mr. Singh was an "undesirable immigrant." Only five days later, with an alacrity uncommon in a government machine, the Governor-in-Council of Ministers had confirmed the decision, and a fortnight later the Order prohibiting Mr. Singh to return to Kenya was on its way to India by air. The law frees the Immigration Officer from any obligation to explain his action. In the absence, therefore, of an official statement of reasons, one of two assumptions is inescapable. Either, at the time of his departure from Kenya, Mr. Singh's record was clean and above question, which is presumably why his passport was cheerfully endorsed for re-entry: or his record was *not* regarded as unexceptionable, but he was allowed to proceed to India on the false promise of a re-entry permit.

Mr. Singh's case is one of the utmost gravity, not only in itself, but for the two highly important issues it precipitates: (a) the apparent meaninglessness of the re-entry permit, since it cannot be relied upon to do what it purports to do; and (b) the autocratic power of the Principal Immigration Officer to give no reason, even to his victim, for taking the extreme step of uprooting a man (and therefore his family) from his life, career and property in Kenya, leaving him high and dry in a strange land where he has unexpectedly gone.

Mr. Jaswant Singh's case is, in its strictest sense, a local matter for Kenya; but it is also a matter of human rights, of colonial justice and of the rights of a British citizen.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Africans in the Copper Mines

A Correspondent writes: Since the publication last autumn in Northern Rhodesia of the Report of the Public Inquiry into the Advancement of Africans in the Copper Mining Industry, one of the two great mining companies has given formal notice that its agreement with the European Miners' Union, under which the colour bar has been maintained, will not be renewed in its present form. This announcement, so far as it goes, is squarely in line with the recommendations of the Court. The European miners give their absolute endorsement to the principle of equal pay for equal work; and this, the Court considered, could be a permanent bar to the claims of African advancement. Thus, although the Court accepted the view of the mining companies, which have supported limited advancement into skilled jobs for African workers, it did so for reasons which are difficult to defend. It accepted, for instance, from the companies the unscientific notion that the African's "race characteristics" are inferior and must be "bred out" of him. It exemplified this contention by citing a lack of "sympathy to machinery"—which comes oddly in a Report which admits that there is no apprenticeship system for African engineers. The Court, moreover, used in support of its championship of a separate wage structure for Africans some figures produced from Southern Rhodesian industry. It is true that the buoyant economy of Northern Rhodesia is now linked with the unsound and more strictly colour-bar economy of Southern Rhodesia; but figures drawn solely from one partner in the Federation are none the less unsound. There is in fact no evidence to show that the Northern Rhodesian mines could not pay African workers on a European scale, or that to do so would not benefit the economy of the whole country. The African mine workers are now out on strike for a rise from earnings which are sometimes as low as 2s. 4d. a shift to a minimum of 10s. 8d.; their argument being that, if the companies are made to pay better wages, they will be more likely to insist that Africans are allowed to use their whole ability in earning them. No doubt the African miners' leaders will in the end agree to a temporary solution of their problems, based on the Court of Inquiry's recommendations. But their aim is and will remain explicitly the achievement of equal pay for equal work.

Thus the odd situation has arisen that both the European and the African miners in principle endorse equal pay, but for opposite reasons: the Europeans, because they believe it will provide an effective barrier to African penetration of their preserves; the Africans, because they believe that its introduction must drive the companies to providing proper training facilities in order to utilise to the full Africans whom they would have to pay high wages. In rejecting this principle and accepting the companies' preference for a system which would cream off the best of the Africans, inside their own wage structure, into more skilled jobs, the Court of Inquiry has done a timid and unconstructive job. In the long run, the Africans will not be satisfied with such a system; and in the shorter run, the Court's findings are not sufficiently positive or challenging to compel the three parties to the dispute radically to reconsider their problems.

Willing the Means

THE spectacular nature of the N.U.R.'s victory over the big guns of the Transport Commission has tended to obscure from the public the longer-term significance of the Court of Inquiry's findings. For Sir John Cameron and his colleagues did much more than give a verdict which had the effect of broadly endorsing the railwaymen's claim. They gave their reasons for rejecting the *non-possumus* attitude of the Transport Commission; and in giving those reasons, they enunciated what may very well prove an important and permanent addition to the doctrine of nationalisation. "Having," said the interim Report, "willed the end [*i.e.*, a nationalised system of railway transport], the nation must will the means. This implies that employees of such a service should receive a fair and adequate wage, and that, in broad terms, the railwayman should be in no worse case than his colleague in a comparable industry."

Most people will surely agree. Yet this principle is, none the less, in conflict with the Morrisonian pattern of nationalisation, which the Labour Government devised for its publicly owned industries. In every case, that Government coupled together two propositions: first, that compensation to the previous owners should be guaranteed as a prior charge on the nationalised industry; and, secondly, that these industries were to be run on commercial lines and their accounts to be balanced "taking one year with another." The precise application of this much-quoted phrase was deliberately left indefinite in the nationalisation statutes. But its purpose and its broad effect were never in doubt. It was intended to free public corporations from the obligation of achieving a credit balance inside every single financial year; but to bar them, by statute, from incurring a steady deficit which would require a continuing subvention from the Treasury. The special arrangement to pay a subsidy to the airways corporations for a limited period was specifically defined as a particular case which did not undermine that principle.

This is the background against which the remarks of the Court of Inquiry must be judged. The nationalisation statutes offer the worker no safeguard comparable to the guarantee which is given to the stockholder. The underlying content of the Court's finding is that the worker is entitled to regard fair wages ("no worse case than his colleague in a comparable industry," are the key words) as equally a prior charge on the industry. Nor can it be argued that, in formulating its findings as it did, the Court was merely inviting the Transport Commission to incur a current deficit which could be made up within a year or two. In the first place, the Court's words do not bear this meaning; nor do we see how any elaboration of them which may be contained in the final Report can blur what seems to be an unequivocal statement of principle. Moreover, the Transport Commission made it abundantly clear in presenting their case (as Sir Brian Robertson has done subsequently) that they saw no early prospect of meeting the cost of the men's claim, except with Government assistance.

The Court's findings, in a word, have the effect of opening the door, which had seemed to be more or less barred by statute, to the public subsidisation of nationalised industries. It can, of course, be pointed out that the *obiter dictum* of even such an authoritative body as the Court of Inquiry has not the force of law. It can further be argued that, without some amendment of the law as it stands, a public corporation would be behaving *ultra vires* in accepting a continuing Government subsidy to meet a deficit which it saw no prospect of remedying. But the real point of the Court's finding is not a legalistic one. It is that, once the principle of guaranteeing the comparative level of wages in a nationalised industry has been enunciated on such high authority, no trade union will ever again be prepared to yield this point in negotiation. Nor, despite the peevish despondency over the Court's findings of *The Times* and other Conservative newspapers, will most decent citizens care to defend the opposite principle, that essential, but unremunerative, public services—publicly owned just because they are held by the Government to be essential to the economic and social needs of the community—should be subsidised, not by the taxpayer, but by the payment of unfair wages to the men and women who work in them.

But the implications of the Report are wider than this; and willingness to pay a subsidy is by no means the end of the Government's responsibility to an unremunerative public utility. For Treasury subsidies may conceal from the public not only inefficiency, but—even more insidiously—unhealthy economic distortion; and, even though they may be necessary in particular cases, the objection to them remains considerable. The Government, in deciding to maintain in public ownership an unremunerative industry, must accept more than merely the obligation to furnish the means to provide the services and pay the workers: it must also be prepared to examine the root causes of the deficit and to take every possible planning step to set them right.

It is at this point that the folly of the present Government's transport policy stands revealed. The Labour Government initiated, not perhaps with sufficient imagination or vigour, a process of integration, which could have led to an efficient and prosperous transport system. Nobody disputes that, inside such a system, the profits from the roads could have been used to tide over the railways while reorganisation and re-equipment took place. The present Government, inheriting a nationalised transport system in which constructive integration was only just beginning, immediately broke up the system and restored the profitable half of the industry to private shareholders. The public is thus left with an unprofitable (but essential) railway system, which will have to be subsidised out of taxation; while a politically influential group of businessmen cream the rich profits off road haulage, and planning, for the industry to meet with as little waste as possible the nation's real need for transport, becomes by definition impossible.

Road haulage, then, must be re-nationalised so that the taxpayer, who must foot the bill for the railways, may reap the reward of the roads. Yet to accept this, as even thoughtful Conservatives are beginning to do, is to take only the first step towards formulating a policy of real integration. For a constructive transport policy must aim not only at offsetting the losses of the railways, but at reducing them to a minimum—or even turning them into a profit. And that means ensuring the maximum economic traffic on the railways, together with the minimum waste of men, equipment and permanent way. Once the public ownership of the road-haulage system is re-established, the Transport Commission must be ready to execute a plan of integration, radical in its scope and urgent in its timing. And the main object of such a plan must be the economic health of the railways, which constitute the asset the nation already possesses, and not the establishment of a new and costly system of heavy road transport, which would largely duplicate existing services.

So the first task before the Commission is an objective re-examination, free from traditional prejudices, of the nation's real need, both economic and strategic, for rail services. When the level of that need has been determined, the surplus of uneconomic railway facilities can be wound up; a start can be made on revising railway charges to attract new traffic; and a publicly-owned road-haulage industry can then be allowed to expand in the places and to the level dictated by unsatisfied need. A plan drawn up on this basis would do some damage to many of the powerful private interests who now carry on propaganda for unplanned road development at the expense of the railways. But it could give Britain, for the first time, a sensible, efficient, economic and unsubsidised transport system.

The Future of Socialism

I.—The Impasse in the West

IS Socialism, as it exists today, a nationalistic or an internationalist movement? A generation ago most active Socialists would have been shocked at the very posing of such a question. All the Socialist Parties of the Second International, except the British, professed to be followers of Marx; and Marxism was beyond all question an internationalist doctrine, based on the conception of the primacy of the class-struggle and on a rejection of that of national solidarity under capitalism. Doubtless, the Socialist Parties of the West qualified their Marxism in various ways. The French, under Jean Jaurès, agreed with the Germans under August Bebel in affirming the right and duty of national defence against an aggressor; and the French, or most of them, also recognised the duty of rallying to the defence of the Republic against internal reaction. But, though it was accepted that each national party had to adapt its policy to the conditions prevailing in its own country, they also regarded it as a duty to frame their several policies within the general requirements of a common struggle against capitalism and imperialism, and felt themselves to be engaged, not in a number of separate and independent movements, but in an international contest for the establishment of a new kind of society.

In Western Europe, this type of internationalist Socialism underwent a drastic eclipse in August, 1914, when in each of the belligerent countries the Socialist Party rallied to the support of the national State and it was made plain that the famous Stuttgart resolution of the International signified nothing when the time came for translating it into action. In retrospect, it is easy to see that there could hardly have been any other outcome. In Russia, where the autocracy had no thought of invoking the help of the Socialists in the war effort and there was no effective parliamentary machine, it was relatively easy for the Social Democrats to maintain their hostility to Czardom—though, even then, Lenin's revolutionary defeatism was much too strong meat for many of them to swallow. In the Western countries, with their growing parliamentary parties and their hopes of winning over a majority of the electors to their side, the situation was entirely

different. The Socialist parties had to reckon with the certainty that to oppose the war effort of their States would cost them, not merely votes—very many votes—but the very possibility of carrying on the constitutional parliamentary propaganda which had become their principal activity, and would involve the destruction of the imposing organisations they had built up over so many years.

Even if they had continued to speak of a coming "revolution," they had come to think of this "revolution," not as any sort of rising or rebellion in arms, but as the sequel to a parliamentary victory: so that they would be defending and not attacking the constitution and would have the verdict of the democracy on their side. This kind of "revolution" demanded that they must at all costs be united among themselves in a single party and that this party must do nothing to antagonise any substantial body of voters who could be won over to support it. A party which set out to win and to hold an electoral majority could afford to do nothing that would prejudice its electoral chances; and this meant, not only that its general policy had to be moderate in order to bring in the waverers, but also that it had to be nationalistic to the extent of bowing to nationalist feeling whenever it was seriously stirred by the course of international events.

These tendencies had revealed themselves long before 1914 to those who were prepared to look facts straight in the face. But most of the Socialist politicians were not prepared to do this, and preferred to accept an underlying contradiction between their doctrines and their readiness to act. After 1914, the contradiction could no longer be ignored; but there was more than one way of resolving it. After 1917 there were two plain ways. One, taken by the founders of the Third International, was to accept the consequences of ostracising all who would not subordinate parliamentary success to the cause of world revolution. This was the basis of the famous Twenty-one Conditions on which the Comintern insisted for admission; and it involved, as soon became plain, renunciation of all hopes of early conquest of political power in the Western countries. The other was to renounce internationalism as a method of action, and to fall back on the policy of working for parliamentary majorities in the various States, at the price of offering to each electorate what it wanted, or could be induced to accept. This was the course followed by the parties of the revived Second International and accepted, after a period of hesitation, by those parties which attempted for a time to steer a middle course.

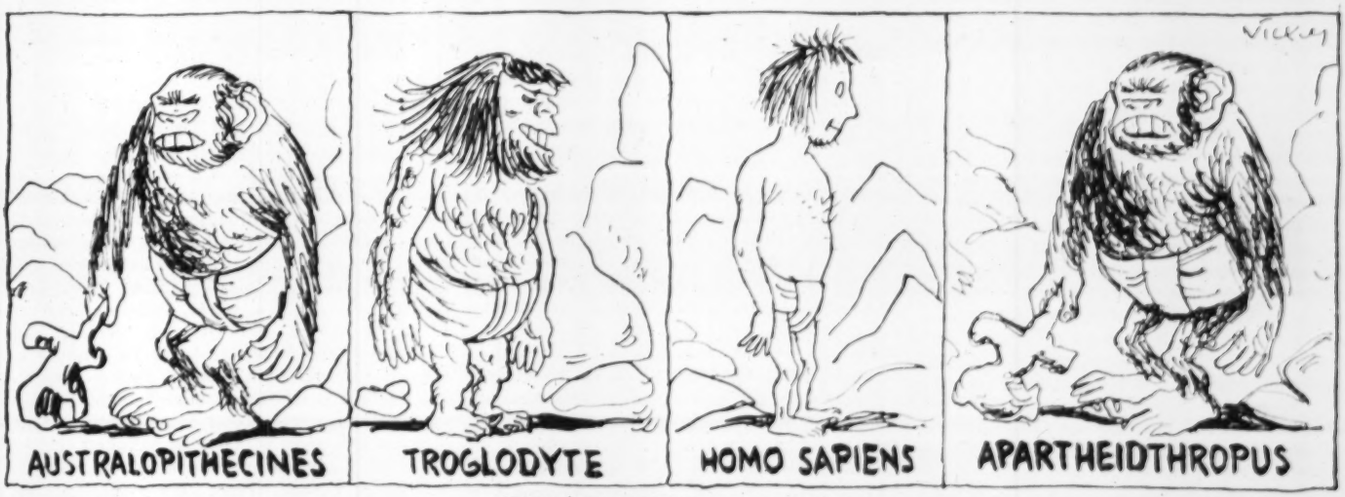
At this stage, Russia and the Comintern stood clearly for internationalism, and Western Social Democracy for national policies of social reform adapted to the conditions of each separate country. But before long the situation drastically changed, as the Russians had to give up their hopes of speedy revolution in the West and to settle down to making what they could of their own survival in face of foreign intervention and civil war. Stalin became the apostle of "Socialism in One Country"; and the Comintern, for as long as it was allowed to continue, ceased to be truly international and became an agency for the promotion of Russian interests, basing its activities on the dogma that whatever was good for Communist Russia must be good for the proletariat of the whole world. In the Communist camp, Russia came first and the rest nowhere—until, after 1945, the arrival of Communist China compelled the Russians to begin thinking again. Meanwhile, in the West, the rise of substantial Communist Parties in Weimar Germany and in France and Italy, and to a less extent elsewhere, destroyed the working-class unity which had been a postulate of Social Democratic policy and therewith removed all hope of the constitutional Socialist "revolution" through electoral victory. Only Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries avoided this outcome through the weakness of their Communist movements. Elsewhere, the most that could be hoped for was that the Socialists would be able to play some effective part in parliamentary conditions that would yield, not Socialism, but some instalments of the Welfare State. In these circumstances Socialism, even nationally, had to take a back seat, and internationalism was virtually ruled out altogether in most of Europe.

There remained the Scandinavian countries and Great Britain, in which the Socialists were still in a position to hope for electoral success that would give them the power to put a moderate Socialist policy into effect. The chance came first to the Swedes, then in the other Scandinavian countries, and latest of all, in 1945, in Great Britain. In all these countries Labour or Social Democratic Governments were able to carry through considerable developments of social welfare, within the limits set by the need to do nothing that would interfere seriously with the continued functioning of capitalist business. They were able to tax their wealthy classes, to establish a large measure of social security, and to extend in some degree the intervention of the State in the planning of economic development.

These were real achievements, much more notable in their effects than the limited measures of nationalisation which accompanied them. But in each case where the Socialists won political power by constitutional means, an *impasse* was reached when they had put their immediate programmes into effect. The improvements which they had brought about in social conditions, far from making the majority of the electorate eager to advance to full Socialism, made a large section of their more lukewarm supporters, among the workers as well as in other classes, less discontented with things as they were and less disposed to face the risks involved in supporting thoroughgoing Socialist policies. Moreover, in Great Britain especially, but also in Scandinavia, the sense of international insecurity, which measures of domestic social security could not remove, and that of dependence on the immensely powerful capitalist economy and military potential of the United States, put venturesome policies at a very serious discount.

It became an axiom among Socialist as well as other politicians that there must be no breach with the Americans, for both economic and political reasons; and the belief in the indispensability of the Atlantic alliance came to be an important factor in the modification of Socialist policies and in the conversion of trade union leaders to a "pressure-group" conception of working-class action based on imitation of the non-Socialist Trade Unions of the United States. These tendencies were aggravated by the presence of Communism, even where it was not a strong political force; for the pro-Russian activities of the Communists had the effect of exposing every sort of militant activity to a Communist taint and of driving the Social Democratic and trade union leaders further Rightwards than they would have wished to go, had they not been forced into an alliance with anti-Socialists on the international political front.

These things happened even where democratic Socialism was strongest. Where the Communist Parties were stronger, the effects were even worse. The Socialist Parties—what was left of them—having no hope of winning power on their own, were either driven into coalitions in which they had little influence, or stood impotently aside in the hope of avoiding responsibility for a situation they could not control. In several countries their sense of helplessness drove them into the arms of



THE EVOLUTION OF MAN

It is now suggested by anthropologists that the human species originated in Africa.

the anti-Socialist advocates of European Union, among whom the Catholics were the dominant factor; and they became desperately anxious to make up for their own weakness by dragging the British Labour Party into the same camp.

In this situation, how much of Socialism survives in Western Europe? In France, in Belgium, and in Holland, hardly anything; for Socialist Parties which are supported by only a fraction of the working-class and show no sign of increasing their influence are clearly helpless in the matter of changing the basis of the social order. Social Democracy is stronger in Western Germany; but even there it does not seem likely to win a majority of the electors to its side. The Scandinavians are better placed; but even when they win elections they show but little sign of a desire to use their success as a means to establishing Socialism, or even to narrowing the scope for capitalist enterprise. Scandinavian achievement, like British, has stopped short at the Welfare State; and there seems to be no great wish to go further. As for Great Britain, the contents of recent Labour Programmes furnish enough evidence that the Labour Party has very little notion of what it wants to do next and is basing its hopes of electoral victory much more on its opponents' mistakes, or on the mere swing of the pendulum, than on any constructive projects of its own.

All this is clearly no accident. It is not that the Socialist leaders have wantonly and without cause abandoned their Socialist aspirations, or at any rate postponed them to an indefinite future. They have realised that not enough of the electors want Socialism to return a really Socialist Government to power; and, with this, many of them have ceased themselves to want Socialism. How can they, as good democrats, want what they feel a majority of the voters will refuse to support? They are professedly democrats first and Socialists only afterwards, and subject to democratic consent. Their task as politicians, as they see it, is not to design Utopias or plot revolutionary *coups*, but to beat the Tories by rallying a progressive majority behind them.

In order to win such a majority, they must combine the promise of more social welfare with reassurance to the fearful that they will neither dislocate the economy (by making capitalism unworkable) nor risk upsetting the Atlantic alliance (by offending the United States). They can, indeed, try to exert a restraining influence on American anti-Communist policy; but in the last resort, when the Americans insist, they must give way. Moreover, even in home affairs, they must limit themselves to measures that do not cost a great deal, because there is not very much more that can be extracted from the rich without knocking away the foundations of capitalist enterprise—and this can be risked only if it can be immediately replaced by Socialist institutions they have no prospect of getting an electoral mandate to set up, even if they knew how to do so.

The politicians clearly cannot be expected to state these unhappy truths; for to admit that they are truths would involve a confession of their own bankruptcy. But they cannot escape a growing recognition by electors that they have but little to offer and that Socialism forms no part of their immediate plans. In terms of immediate electoral prospects, no doubt, the present policy of "No Socialism" probably pays better than a Socialist policy would pay; but I doubt if it will pay well enough to put the Labour Party back in office unless the Tories do something outrageously silly. Moreover, even if it did put the Labour Party back, what could a Labour Government do except so disappoint the electors as to ensure a speedy return to opposition?

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

My information from the United States is that the fantastic persecution of Professor Lattimore may really be drawing to a close. After all, the Government's new indictment for perjury is little more than a repetition of the former charge which was dismissed by an eight-to-one decision of the Court. It is unlikely that Federal District Judge Luther W. Youngdahl will change his previous ruling when he hears the case. Even then he may wait from one to three months before handing down a decision. It seems scarcely possible that the Government will think it worth while going on. That would certainly be a relief to friends of liberty everywhere, but we must remember that, even if the case is dropped—which is by no means certain—Lattimore will have been punished, with far greater severity than an ordinary criminal, for a crime he has never committed. He has lived for years under an appalling strain, with his work and his career at stake, and in the minds of millions of people who follow McCarthy he will have been irrevocably smeared as an enemy of his country.

* * *

Everyone was shocked when 394 monkeys were suffocated at London Airport. The incident raises two questions. First, whether everything is done that can be done to minimise the suffering of animals (including 2,000 monkeys a week) in transport from one continent to another. The second question is whether such traffic of animals, for the supposed advantage of human beings, is justifiable at all. To the second, but logically prior, question the answer cannot be simple. If it is true that some of the worst diseases of mankind have now ceased to be lethal as a result of animal experiments, can they really be condemned out of hand? Obviously, it is a question of degree. If, for instance, there was good reason for expecting to cure polio by the butchery of a number of guinea pigs bred for the purpose, there would not, I take it, be any argument. Similarly, what decent person wants cattle to be hanged upside down and slowly bled to death, as I hear the practice still is in civilised Canada, in order that his beef shall be more tender? Moreover, some numbers of these monkeys are, I understand, used for research into the effects of poison gas on living creatures—a friend of mine saw a horrible film in America of this monkey torture—and many others are used for radio-active tests.

* * *

I should be inclined to draw a line between medical use of animals for the good of mankind and using them to make him more efficient in war. I am told, too, that most, if not all, of the radio-active tests can be made, more effectively, by sensitive instruments, and that it is not even efficient to send monkeys up in rockets to record just how much suffering the living organism can sustain. It sounds to me like one more step towards *1984*. About the other easier question of minimising suffering, disinterested but informed people tell me that, though inspection could be improved, the regulations to minimise pain in laboratory work are strict, and, in general, well observed by research workers. In America, on the other hand, there is nothing comparable with the animal hostel at London Airport, nor are the rules or the inspection of laboratory research comparably strict. I am glad to learn there is in New York now an organisation called The Animal Welfare Institute. It has a tough job in that free, individualist climate.

I see that the parent-teachers' associations have reached an important stage in their anti-comics campaign. They have found that the law which can be used against the *Decameron* is powerless to deal with those "comics" that really are designed to deprave and corrupt the young and the semi-literate for gain. So they have sent the Home Secretary a draft Obscene Publications (Amendment) Bill. It resembles in some ways the laws recently passed in Canada and New Zealand, but it chooses "crime comic" as its generic name for publications concerned with sentiments as varied as race-hatred, religious intolerance, cruelty, and horror. The crucial question of "intent" comes in, so to speak, by the back door: the prosecution are still not concerned with it, but the defendant may try to satisfy the Court that his comic was "neither intended nor likely to be read" by children. I am against any attempt to list forbidden topics; indeed, the danger of doing so is obvious. What would happen, for example, to so respectable a comic as *Eagle* if it went in for some more Bible stories—the story of Jael the wife of Heber, say, who fastened the sleeping Sisera's head to the ground by knocking a tent-peg through his temples? And the Bill deliberately keeps alive the iniquitous Act of 1857, under which no publisher, author, or printer has any voice in a case against the newsagent. I am told that the Society of Authors' Bill, which reached the Home Office first (and could surely be published now?) is more satisfactory in these respects.

* * *

Was there a special reason, I asked myself, why the *Evening Standard* should want to run so long a story about the Nizam of Hyderabad, the "Fabulous Mogul"? Was it perhaps another example of Beaverbrook's obsession about Mountbatten? After describing the Nizam's negotiations with Mountbatten, the author of this piece of history quotes Mountbatten as giving the Nizam assurances, including a personal promise "that I would never be a party to improper pressure on your State." The account then continues: "The date of this letter was April 8, 1948. Indian troops marched into Hyderabad on September 13 of that same year." Having thus apparently established proof of Mountbatten's duplicity the article remarks, several paragraphs later, that "Lord Mountbatten departed from India on June 21, 1948." In short, India's decision about Hyderabad was taken, not by Mountbatten, but by the Indian Government. Mountbatten had nothing to do with it!

* * *

Edward Pease was the first and the last of the original Fabians. In the *History* of the Society that he wrote in 1916, he gave an engaging account of the odd way it was founded. In the autumn of 1883, Pease and Frank Podmore spent a chilly and fruitless night in an empty house in Notting Hill, waiting for a ghost to appear. To while away the time they talked about Henry George as well as Spiritualism. A few days later, on Podmore's initiative, the Fellowship of the New Life was meeting at Pease's lodgings to discuss the ideas of Thomas Davidson. Pease described how, in a few weeks, Podmore, Hubert Bland, Frederick Keddell and himself, had "captured" the Fellowship and, on January 4, 1884, had converted it into the Fabian Society. Later in the year, Shaw joined; but the Society was well into its second year before Sidney Webb and Graham Wallas were recruited. Looking at the *History* again, I am struck by an extraordinary omission. Pease was typical of the early Fabians. Having breached the unwritten rule that successful permeation required personal

self-effacement—for he does give a few lines to his own efforts to found the Society—he immediately froze up again. He never tells us why all this happened, what discussions he had with Bland and Podmore that led them to move away so quickly from the moral elevation preached by Davidson to the hard realism of Fabian Socialism. The change took place in five or six weeks. Looking back, it was clearly one of the more important decisions in the history of our Labour movement. Yet the Webbs, Shaw, Wallas and Olivier became so quickly a coherent and influential group that it seemed as if they had been there from the beginning, and Pease's role in bringing them together has been overlooked.

* * *

Orwell's *1984* is now the fashion, partly, I think, because of its propaganda value. Most of its ideas, including those about the total control of mind, were, of course, anticipated in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, to which he added, as a postscript, *Ape and Essence*, which was published in 1949. I re-read this unengaging little book the other night, and was pulled up by this passage:

> Glanders, my friends, Glanders—a disease of horses, not common among humans. But, never fear, Science can easily make it universal. And these are its symptoms. Violent pains in all the joints. Pustules over the whole body. Below the skin hard swellings, which finally burst and turn into sloughing ulcers. . . . Within three weeks most of the patients are dead. To see that *all* shall die has been the task of some of those brilliant young D.Sc.s now in the employ of your government. And not of your government only: of all the other elected or self-appointed organizers of the world's collective schizophrenia. Biologists, pathologists, physiologists—here they are, after a hard day at the lab, coming home to their families. A hug from the sweet little wife. A romp with the children. A quiet dinner with friends, followed by an evening of chamber music or intelligent conversation about politics or philosophy. Then bed at eleven and the familiar ecstasies of married love. And in the morning, after orange juice and Grapenuts, off they go again to their job of discovering how yet greater numbers of families precisely like their own can be infected with a yet deadlier strain of *bacillus mallei*.

And surely that goes, not only for the scientist, but for the journalist, politician and, to a lesser degree, for the mass of respectable people in each country who accept this Devil's rule as inevitable?

CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Pauline Gough is only eight, but local officialdom decreed yesterday that every day she will have to walk 5½ miles along lonely lanes to and from school.

Her seven-year-old sister Sheila will make the same journey alone in a six-seater taxi.

The taxi will call for the younger sister, but must refuse the vacant seats to the girl one year older.—*News Chronicle*. (E. N. Tatham.)

After twenty-five years, my friend's husband left her without even a week's rent in hand.

Horrified and shaken lest this should ever happen to me, I stopped smoking at once.—Letter in *Woman*. (G. M. Moger.)

A neighbour horrified me by saying she spent only 5s. a week on her cat—less than a shilling a day! It costs me at least 17s. 6*d*. a week.

Surely, people prepared to sacrifice so little should be barred by law from owning pets.—Letter in *Sunday Express*. (S. Martin.)

"Continental Sundays mean Continental morals," he added significantly.—*News Chronicle*. (Milo Sperber.)

FAR FROM FULHAM

Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., shocked the Druse inhabitants of a village in Israel by making a married woman shake hands with the men.—NEWS ITEM.

The M.P. for Fulham at home is renowned
For frank and progressive opinions,
But it must be confessed they have not impressed
The non-feminist Palestinians.

The wives of Mount Carmel are hardly aware
That the sexes are equal in Fulham—
Though females may mix in S.W.6,
In the Near East male relatives rule 'em.

The West London greeting is "How do you do?"
In Israel it's "Sholem Aleichem!"
In those far-off lands men talk with their hands,
But females are forward who shake 'em.

The Fulham M.P. on a Palestine tour
Appears as an ill-informed critic,
For few Israelites deny Women's Rights,
And Druses are not Israelitic.

In Peking it's safe to say all are Chinese,
And everyone's Indian in Delhi,
But all those who dwell in the new Israel
By no means are all Israeli.

The M.P. for Fulham in Israel betrays
Calamitous ethnic confusion—
It is certainly news to the Palestine Jews
That they advocate female seclusion.

Though Purdah in Israel may not be unknown,
And Israel the State of the Jews is,
Neither Palestine Jews, nor the Druses excuse
The mix-up of Jews with the Druses.

SAGITTARIUS

What do you believe?

If you were under 26 on January 1 you should enter for the NEW STATESMAN Prize Essay Competition on FAITH AND REASON. It is open to young men and women of all countries and beliefs. Within the broad framework of the subject think out and state your personal convictions about religion. Whatever its conclusions, the best essay will receive a prize of £200, and the next three £50 each: in event of publication in book form other essays selected for inclusion will earn £20 each. Religion, philosophy and science are all represented on the panel of judges, where the Editor of this journal is joined by Prof. H. A. Hodges, Stuart Hampshire and Dr. J. Bronowski.

Six weeks remain before the closing date. Entries, whose length must not exceed 3,000 words, should be sent in typescript bearing a pseudonym, with the writer's real name enclosed in a sealed envelope. They should reach the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN by February 28 next at this address

GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

Life in Vietnam

SAID the gloomy French officer: "A second Korea—that is what the Americans will make of Vietnam." He did not believe any more than any of the rest of us that the Americans really want, or at present intend, to send their troops to fight with the Southern Vietnamese against the Vietminh; or that they are ready to send their bombers over Hanoi; or even to arm the Southern Vietnamese in open defiance of the Geneva Agreements. He feared, as many of us do, that the inconsistencies in American thinking, and the blind clumsiness of their policy, may force them, more or less against their will, into doing any or all these things.

The situation here is confusing to the Americans as to everybody else. They are putting a lot of money into Indo-China and particularly into Vietnam—far more than the entire receipts of the Vietnamese Government from all other sources. Their economic aid this year will total about 77,000,000 dollars. It is allotted, in part, for humanitarian reasons: schemes to build schools, train doctors, make irrigation works, are what most of the American technical experts in Saigon like talking about. These Americans are proud, incidentally, of the Washington decision which allowed them to leave hospital equipment and ambulances in Hanoi for the use of the incoming Vietminh authorities and the remaining population. But economic aid is also given to bolster up the political regime of the South; to raise the people's standard of living so that they will show their gratitude by voting against the Vietminh in the 1956 elections; to show that the West can offer more than the Communists; "to buy the country," in the words of one American observer. The two motives sometimes conflict. The Americans must decide, for instance, whether to spend their money on schemes which will show results before the 1956 elections, or on, say, long-term highway, railway or dam building. But the shorter-term political motives are what the Americans at the top in Indo-China think by far the most important. Forty-five million of the 77,000,000 dollars is going to the immediate relief of refugees—potential voters—and their transport from the North.

According to Government spokesmen, U.S. aid, both economic and military, is essential to the survival of the Vietnamese Government. Perhaps it is also fatal to it. "What Vietnam wants," said one American, "is independence and good government." The present Government of Ngo Dinh Diem offers neither. None the less, General Lawton Collins, the special American Ambassador in Vietnam, has hinted (lesser American officials have stated it more bluntly) that the continuance of American aid depends on Diem's remaining in power. He is honest—"a good plain boiled potato," said my American informant—and he has a record of opposition to French colonialism. (Many Americans still consider French interference the most important issue in Vietnam.) Interference, however, can be more subtle. Much of the American aid is given in the form of foreign exchange credits. They may be used, in part, in other countries, but American firms would probably protest to Washington if too many dollars were spent outside the United States. These credits are sold by the Vietnamese Government to Vietnamese importers. The Vietnamese importer, however, can use them only to buy goods approved by the American authorities. Raw silk, for instance, was not approved, not because American officials were unconvinced that it might be a necessity for Vietnam, but because public opinion in America thinks of silk as a luxury. Meanwhile,

Vietnamese Government schemes to spend dollar aid are drawn up in close consultation with American officials. (The blue prints for a new Government office, for instance, are approved in detail by an American expert.) The ordinary people see American officials watching village development projects, and observe the badges, complete with stars and stripes, put on all equipment given under the aid schemes.

As for good government, few people other than the Americans find anything to say for Diem. He has held office for six ineffective months, and he still presides over political chaos in Saigon. But the Americans are scornful of any alternative to Diem. The Emperor Bao Dai, they say, is a playboy. Buu Hoi, the leprosy expert, who is said to have been negotiating with Bao Dai for the premiership, has lived for too long out of Vietnam and knows little about the country. Nguyen Van Tam, once a Prime Minister under the French, is a French citizen and so abhorrent to Vietnamese independents; while General Le Van Vien, a popular candidate for the more cynical French, is a gang chief. So the Diem Government, more and more sure of its foreign and financial support, models itself on the military dictatorships of Formosa and South Korea. Moderates are arrested and their publications suppressed. The Defence of Peace movement, for instance, in spite of its unfortunate name, was at least in part a group of liberal intellectuals who hoped to dilute Vietminh Communism in the elections and in the government of their unified country. But its executive committee and 22 of its most prominent members have been arrested.

Many Americans are unable to believe that people may genuinely prefer the "wrong" side in the Cold War. The Diem Government, however, suffers from no such emotional bloc. Most of its members know that they stand no chance at all of winning fair impartial elections from the Vietminh. So the Minister of Information says: "We did not sign the Geneva Agreements, we are not bound to the election dates or procedures suggested in them; impartial elections are impossible, anyway; we may hold elections organised by ourselves at the date most convenient to ourselves in the South only." Meanwhile the Americans point out that they did not sign the Geneva Agreements either, only agreed to respect them, and they are under no obligation to enforce them against the will of an independent Government like South Vietnam. British political advisers in Saigon say that of course Britain honours the Geneva settlement, which she signed, but that there are curiously ambiguous phrases in paragraphs on the elections. Everyone unites to say the Vietminh are breaking the Geneva pact; so why shouldn't we?

French officials say that the Vietminh army has been regrouped rather than increased, as the Americans claim. Nevertheless, it is probably the most efficient fighting force in South-East Asia—proud of its victories, knowing what it fights for. There is a Vietminh political framework in nearly every Southern village and in Saigon. The people's support belongs to Ho Chi Minh, who represents to them triumphant nationalism. The Vietminh affirm their country's right to unity and independence; and their official line at the moment is full reliance on the Geneva Agreements. When these Agreements are broken, they can and will take over the South whenever they want to, either by force or by a political *coup d'état*.

Once, indeed, the Vietminh became fully convinced of "Western treachery," they would commit themselves far more firmly than they have yet done to the Chinese and Russian side. Then the West would have no chance to make a viable living arrangement with them. The mission under Jean Sainteny, now negotiating with them on behalf of French cultural and economic interests, would fail. There would then be little hope of selling Citroën cars or Manchester cloth in Hanoi or Saigon. A Frenchman, living inside Vietminh territory, summed it all up. "I once thought," he said, "that Geneva, with its two-year breathing space, was a victory. Now I think it would have been better for France and the West if those agreements had never been signed—if the State of Southern Vietnam had never been brought into existence."

Saigon, December. LOIS MITCHISON

Anthracite Men

No one is sure just how it came about, but there has always been in the anthracite mines in the valleys of West Wales a firm and rigidly observed seniority rule. A prevailing theory is that it owes its early appearance to the peculiar nature of anthracite mining. Mines—usually "drifts," slants cut into the mountainside, small, shallow, damp and, because of the hardness of the coal, cursed with deadly dust—were often either closed for months in the year or worked part-time, depending on the immediate demand. The communities which provided labour for these mines were nonconformist and patriarchal; there was highly developed sense of fair-play. Miners and owners were uncommonly friendly because the owners were local men—attitudes changed when the Amalgamated Anthracite Company took over most of the mines—and a seniority rule was an advantage to both sides. The rule was simple. When an employer wanted to dismiss or withdraw labour, the last man in was the first to leave. When labour was needed again the last to leave was the first man back in. Seniority was based on date of employment in the pit.

The important feature of the rule was that its application was restricted to the individual pit. A man's seniority at, say, Pentremawr, should he be no longer required there, would not entitle him to an equivalent job at the Great Mountain Colliery along the road. Again, if a colliery closed, there was no formula for securing a man a job at another colliery at the expense of a junior man already employed there. He simply found work as best he could.

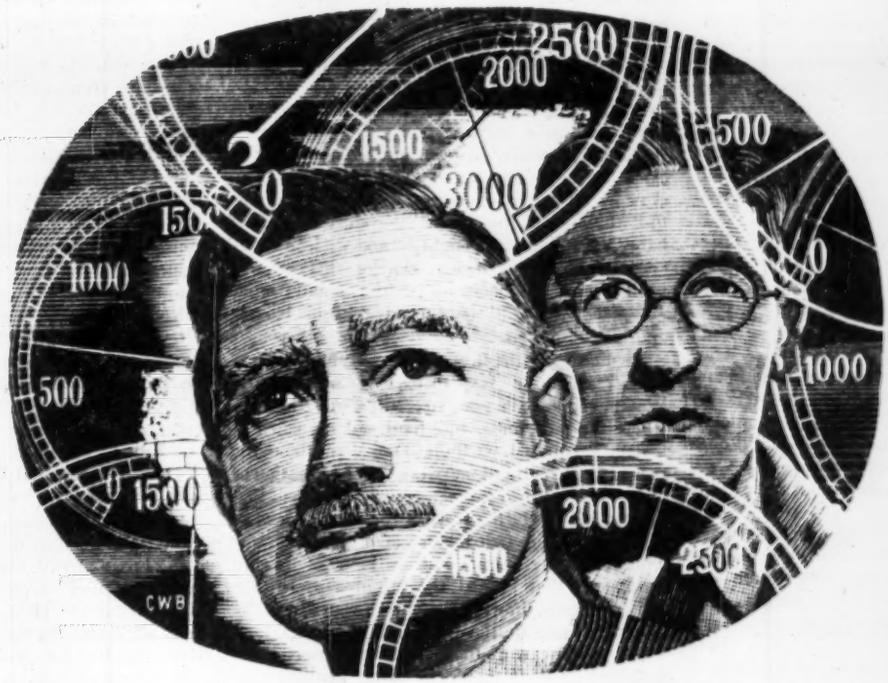
Great schemes are now going forward in the anthracite coalfield; and, much as the Coal Board's plans will change mining methods, so a new seniority scheme by the miners' union will, in the unlikely event of its ever being implemented, revolutionise management - labour relationship. The N.C.B. is sinking new pits at Cynheidre in the Gwendraeth Valley and at Abernant near Ammanford. That these pits will have shafts makes them a rare feature of the coalfield; at half a mile they will be the deepest in South Wales. The Board hopes that these pits, which will cost some £15 million between them, will not only increase production but help to make it an economic proposition. At present the Board loses for a variety of reasons—some people blame the hardness of the coal, some the numerical unbalance between productive and non-productive workers, some simply the miners—thirty shillings on every ton of anthracite produced.

To counter the effect the developments are likely to have on the demand for labour, the Area Council of the N.U.M. has produced an up-to-date and, it seems to them but not to the Board, reasonable version of the traditional seniority rule. They argue that, whereas in the past labour was withdrawn from a pit because of lack of work, in the future labour will be withdrawn because there is work elsewhere. Under the old rule the junior man would be asked to leave first, which was fair enough. The men who had been in the industry longest would be best protected. But if the rule was applied when men were wanted for Cynheidre, then the junior men would get a good job at the new pit, which wouldn't be fair enough. What the N.U.M. want is that all the pits in a district should be grouped together for seniority purposes, and then the men taken to Cynheidre, or whichever pit it is which provides the greater security, by rota, so that the interests of the senior men may be protected. More significantly they believe that men shall be entitled by their district seniority to equivalent work at Cynheidre no matter what the circumstances.

The N.U.M. policy is partly one of insurance against a fall in world demand for Welsh anthracite, I gathered from Mr. Trevor James, the local miners' agent. They want to ensure that, should there be no market for the greater amount of anthracite being produced—and Cynheidre, when it opens in 1959, will produce half as much again as the five pits now being worked in the Gwendraeth Valley—then it will not be the men already in the industry who will find themselves without work. They are guarding against a situation rather like this. Suppose Cynheidre opens while the other five pits are still in operation, then 2,700 men have to be found for the new mine. These men are found—perhaps among the thousands thrown on the market when the old tinplate hand-mills close sometime around then—and establish themselves at Cynheidre. Perhaps because of insufficient demand or a pit's exhaustion or the discovery that a smaller pit's resources can be more economically worked from Cynheidre or whatever, the Board then decides that Cynheidre's production is quite enough and the other five pits are no longer wanted. What then happens to the miners manning the five pits? The N.U.M. would like to ensure that *as far as practicable* these men should move into Cynheidre at jobs comparable in status and reward to their old jobs, even at the expense of men who have been at Cynheidre since its inception.

The Coal Board considers the scheme unrealistic and has already indicated that it cannot accept it. They see the problem as one of shortage of labour. Certainly it is difficult to see where the Board will find even two thousand men. When the last big closure of tinplate mills took place in 1953 few men were attracted to the mining industry. The Board is only barely managing at present to maintain the labour force in the coalfield; it has to contend with an annual wastage due to retirement, injury and industrial disease, of as high as ten per cent. It doesn't intend to be tied by this newly devised rule in its search for new labour. Its difficulties will be increased if it has to warn potential recruits that in a few years a man may come from another pit and claim the job. An instance of the kind of thing that might happen is the position of engine winding-men. Cynheidre will need nine of these men. Of the five pits in the district at present, since four of them have slants, only one has winding-men and it only has three. So nine men will have to be found. They are not likely to be happy if they know that at any time the other three men may come along to claim their jobs.

But the miners have voted in favour of the new seniority rule and the tradition of loyalty is as strong and fervent as ever. Whether all the miners are happy about it is another thing.



Pressure Product

In 1939 I.C.I. began the works-scale production of a new plastic that was to play a major role in defeating Hitler's air armada. The plastic was polythene, the white, tough, flexible material that provided the high-frequency insulation in almost every wartime radar set. Without polythene, the Allied land and sea radar systems could not have developed as they did — let alone airborne radar. No other material could supply the combination of insulating and mechanical properties that airborne radar needed. Polythene's discovery in 1933 was the result of research on the effect of extreme pressure on chemical reactions. It was pure research, inasmuch as it was aimed primarily at the acquisition of scientific knowledge. But it yielded polythene.

Making polythene in large quantities was a difficult task. Ethylene gas had to be heated at pressures similar to those produced in a 15-inch naval gun. Such pressures were greater than had ever been used in chemical plant before. The first experimental safety-valve blew the sky-lights out of the laboratory, while a gauge- or pipe-burst was not uncommon. But by September, 1939, the Research Team handed the world's first polythene plant over to the works in time to meet the wartime needs of radar. Today, this unusual plastic is doing its unique job as a high-frequency insulator in many branches of the growing electronics industries — in radio and television; in radar and electronic control equipment; and in under-sea cables — but it has also been found ideal for many other uses, from cold-water tubing to packaging film — of which hundreds of miles are produced each week.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

ICI

Recently the Trimsaran colliery in the Gwendraeth Valley was closed. Under the old rule the men would have had to start all over again at another pit. The N.U.M., however, ordained that the redundant men should exercise seniority at a neighbouring pit. The men at this other pit, who saw strangers take places at the coal face they themselves were waiting their turn to assume, struck over this in opposition to their own union. The union executive, by making it an issue of confidence, won the day.

That there should be this dispute at all is eloquent testimony to the strength of the miners in the coalfield. They are articulate men, unusually dignified and cultured; they have an acute sense of responsibility to each other if not always to the cause of higher production. They can be relied upon for independence of mind and spirit. A situation in which the employees lay down the law about who is going to be employed where in a new project is unusual even in South Wales. The steel and tinplate workers—to the regret of some—exercise nothing like comparable power. When the old hand-mills close in the same part of the country in three or four years' time, and the new cold reduction plant is opened, although the workers in the old mills will be considered for jobs at the new there is no guarantee they will be accepted. Men from outside the industry might well find employment. There would be a great deal of grumbling and unhappiness but no action. Whether the miners will take action over the present dispute is difficult to judge. These are still its early, academic days.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Don Jaime's Fiesta

MEXICAN anti-clericalism has been mostly an urban and a middle-class phenomenon, and the secularist campaign of President Calles, two decades ago, made little impression on the peasants or the people in most of the smaller towns. The Mexican countryman's occasional outbursts against the Church tend to be puritanical in character; he is impatient with the venality that has made the Mexican clergy a perpetually disreputable element in the Catholic world, but he clings obstinately to his own peculiar amalgam of Iberian Christianity and adapted paganism. Everywhere in Mexico, while the temporal power of the Church is almost destroyed, the social function of religion remains very strong.

A sign of this strength is the fact that in most places outside Mexico City the festivals of the Church consume more energy and devotion than the political festivals which the Republic has tried to erect in their place. I was particularly impressed by this fact during a recent period of residence in a small Central Mexican town where almost a score of churches and chapels have survived the vicissitudes of civil wars and secularist campaigns. Particularly in the poorer and more Indian parts of San Agustin, the church and its surrounding *barrio* form a social unit that is much more meaningful to the semi-illiterate people than the later municipal divisions, and the motive of prestige which plays so great a part in the Indian mind demands that every *barrio* should put forward a spectacular festival for its saint and its church. Indeed, it even becomes a question of personal and family prestige, for each year at each church one of the parishioners takes his turn as major domo for the fiesta; he is responsible for arrangements and funds, and is supported by his relatives and his *compadres*—the men united to him in that most durable of all Mexican bonds—godfatherhood.

It happened that in the little *barrio* of La Salud, a district of artisans and labourers bordering on the market, Don Jaime, the cabinetmaker, was chosen as major domo for the year of our visit. All Don Jaime's summer was dominated by the thought of the fiesta, and, when we talked to him in his workshop, he would lament the old days when custom induced the head of every family to make his contribution. "Progress is never all one way, señor. We gain something like this,"—and he patted the glistening new bandsaw he had just bought—"and we lose in responsibility." But it was evident that he was pleased with the honour his position would confer, and really wished to share it only with his friends and his *compadres*.

As the day of the fiesta drew near, his preparations reached to every district of San Agustin. Walking among the poor streets towards the river, where the mosquitoes bite hard and the smell of sewage is habitual, we found Don Venustiano, the pyrotechnician, hard at work on his particular task. The sun had just set, and the light had that intense glow which precedes the rapid Mexican nightfall. The faded blues and yellows of the stuccoed walls burnt with a kind of inward luminosity that ignited the bright skirts of the girls who were drawing the night's water from the communal tap in the middle of the street and walking home with their red earthenware vases balanced on their shoulders. Don Venustiano, a *mestizo* craftsman who wore shoes instead of sandals, and jeans instead of the cotton pyjama trousers of his neighbours, worked in the failing light on the pavement outside his dark little doorway. His basic material was cane, which could be twisted into almost any shape and yet retain sufficient rigidity, and from this he constructed the units for his big set-pieces. The gunpowder was supplied in an endless paper tube, which two boys in ragged baseball caps were fixing with cord to the frames. Don Venustiano was friendly, but discreet: he was evasive about the ultimate purpose of his constructions; we would see them on the night of the fiesta, and then he was sure we would not be disappointed.

He was not the only craftsman preparing for Don Jaime's fiesta. In a workshop near the Plaza a withered nonagenarian was working on the great paper lanterns that figure in every Mexican festival. Don Cherubino's person was as grimy as his shop. But his work, as he soldered the little tin holders for the candles and pasted his sheets of coloured tissue over their wire frames, was meticulously neat. Don Cherubino was neither polite nor instructive; he was of the old school who maintained an open dislike of gringos and made Rabelaisian comments about American women to the boys who collected in his shop.

By Saturday, activity on the fiesta had become generalised. Don Jaime's workshop was closed, and his *compadres* were neglecting their own businesses. Sounds of decoration and desultory cleaning came through the doors of La Salud, and electricians were fixing coloured lights around the great scallop shell of fluted sandstone that crowned its rococo façade. Marching-music echoed in from the suburban outskirts, and a small procession wound in through the Plaza. The Indian band, in white shirts and new sombreros, played a jaunty local tune with anarchic disregard of time, and behind them a score of youths carried a great wooden frame, forty feet long and six feet wide, covered with a trellis of cane interlaced with flowers. A second followed, and in the rear a lanky boy threw exploding firecrackers into the air as he walked. The frames were erected on either side of the entrance to La Salud; they were called *xochitl*, and this commemoration of an Aztec goddess was a hint of the pagan elements that linger in Mexican religion. During Saturday evening the poorer country people began to move into the market, with their burdens carried by tump-lines around their brows. By the light of feeble naphtha flares they arranged their neat geometry of fruit for sale the next day—sharp-scented guavas and lumpy papayas and fresh-flavoured green oranges. They spent the night stretched out under their *serapes* on the cobbles.

With the first light of Sunday, the town was aroused by a salutation of firecrackers and a heavy tuneless clanging from the bell towers of all the churches, accompanied by the barking of a legion of lean dogs. As we went into the town, we were drawn towards La Salud by an obsessive piping; a solitary musician—the *chirimetero*—was standing in a niche beside the door, playing on pipe and tabor an ancient theme, which he repeated for hours on end throughout the day. The Indians streamed past him into the church, praying, to a tortured Christ bleeding with realistic gore before a vast gilded retable that was decorated with banked lilies and with lengths of scarlet satin hanging down from the faded heaven of the broad-arched vault. All day long the services went on in relays, and priests in gilded copes administered the Host to worshippers of whom many were literally dressed in rags. As it was a fiesta, the Sunday market was unusually large; potters, serape-weavers and sandal-makers had come in from the surrounding towns, and there were sellers of religious pictures and yellow wax candles and ballads. Along the crowded walk behind the market, Indian women cooked malodorous stews of entrails and lungs over charcoal braziers; their customers squatted on the pavement's edge, deftly using their *tortillas* as spoons. Village healers traded with the herbalist for specifics they could not find locally. There were vendors of rush mats from Chapala, and sombreros from Michoacan, and ropes of maguey fibre from Queretaro.

The market place was the headquarters of the country people, but out in the Plaza the townsfolk also were in festival mood. The *mestizo* band played *Poet and Peasant* and *La Paloma* as the youths and girls walked in opposing circles around the fountains. Shoeblacks did a roaring trade with shop assistants who were showing off the Cuban-heeled high-boots that are the prevalent fashion in this part of Mexico. And in a corner by the *Municipio*, Don Cherubino, rejuvenated by excitement, let up fire balloons of coloured paper which bore far into the sky the advertisements of "Doble Cola," the local rival of the drink that symbolises gringo imperialism. Siesta time, between two and four, brought a weakening of activity. The townspeople went home to rest, the *rancheros* dozed on church benches or sat under the trees munching *tacos* and drinking milky *pulque*. And in the evening activity was concentrated around the crowded floodlit façade of La Salud. From our perch on the steps of the market the crowded sombreros looked like a field of enormous mushrooms, contrasting with the dark shawls under which the girls and women shaded their delicate, almost Malayan faces. The noise was immense. The two brass bands performed alternately, but the *mariachi* guitarists among the crowd never seemed to cease their sombre plateau tunes—Castilian melancholy overlaid with Indian resignation—and often, above the other sounds, we would hear the great voice of the ballad singer, Blind José, echoing from the *cantino* "El Vampiro" down the street.

The most remarkable aspect of this scene was the apparent autonomy of its various activities.

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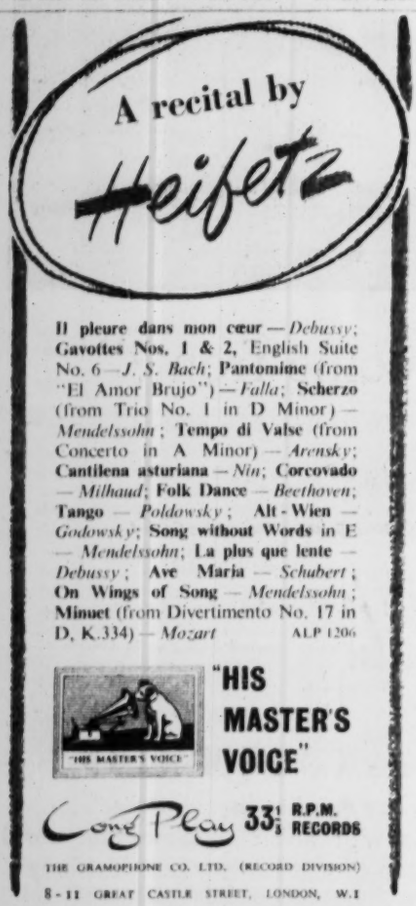
The performers did not appear very much aware of each other or even of their audiences, while the latter were the perfect passive spectators, silent and good-humoured. But the most self-absorbed of all were the *concheros*—members of the Indian dancing guilds. Hour after hour they trod their stylised patterns on the cobbles before the church, crowns of coloured plumes swaying as they bowed and capered, cloaks of brilliant satin swirling as they beat their heraldic shields and wooden swords in formal re-enactment of the Conquest, shell-encrusted leggings jingling in time with the tiny armadillo-shell mandolins of their leaders. At ten o'clock the *concheros* entered the church in full procession, with their banners of the Crucifixion carried before them. We squeezed in through the door as they danced, with guitars thrumming and rattles beating, to the flowered altar, where they formed an agitated line of colour and movement, the Aztec geometry of their shields and cloaks contrasting with the baroque imagery around them. Banners dipped and feet stamped in rhythms that once worshipped Quetzalcotl as they sang their shrill chant to the Virgin of Guadalupe, patron of the Indians. It was a moving irruption from the past, and the priest seemed uneasy as he hurriedly distributed his wafers among the dancers.

Then came, outside the Church, the pyrotechnic finale. First, Don Venustiano deployed his army of mobile pieces. Angels blazed down in glory on ropes from the bell tower. Flaming alligators of painted paper darted on catherine wheels among the crowd. Bulls snorted fire and burnt *serapes* and *rebozos* as excited youths swung them on poles over our heads. Finally, there was Don Venustiano's masterpiece, the *castillo*. It was a good *castillo*, for no fewer than ten tiers of framework were attached to the forty-foot pole let down into the middle of the street. Don Venustiano deliberately lit the fuse for the bottom tier; in an instant it burst ino a maze of whirling wheels and jets of green and red and gold; the fire ran on a pilot fuse to the next tier, and so on, each level burning separately until, at the tip of the pole, plaster angels span round a dizzy globe of fire and the flag of Mexico broke out in patriotic triumph. The *mestizos* exclaimed with delight, the Indians grinned. La Salud had held its own against the rival *barrios*. Don Jaime's fiesta was ended.

GEORGE WOODCOCK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They Fell From Balloons

"PERSONS desirous of ascertaining the true state of their lungs are directed to draw in as much breath as they conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in more breath." A score of from 6 to 10 indicated that you had consumption; from 4 to 9, your trouble would be either (a) pleurisy or (b) pneumonia. You then called for a physician in tones, presumably, audible still but somewhat more rapid.

It is not easy to realise that these instructions for lay diagnosis were in vogue almost within living memory. They are taken from the immensely popular *Enquire Within Upon Everything*, published in the year Sir Winston Churchill's father had his tenth birthday. Typhus, smallpox, apparent death from drunkenness, and gangrene were such common afflictions that household hints on how to deal with them were considered not only proper but essential. Ordeal by fire, too, seems to have been such an everyday hazard that there is something almost nonchalantly fatalistic about the following recommendation: "It is a good precaution to have always at hand a large piece of baize, to throw over a female whose dress is burning."

Bleeding was, of course, the universal remedy, and it was so strongly urged for anything from Sore Throat and Convulsions to Inflammation of the Kidney and Water on the Brain that full details were even given for the care and maintenance of the domestic stock (though "stock" hardly sounds the proper noun of assembly: a batten? a broach?) of leeches. Nor is a warning omitted against carelessness in applying these animals to the gums, as they were apt, seemingly, to creep down the patient's throat. In such circumstances, the prompt use of a large swan's quill was held to be efficacious.

If you had a hollow tooth which ached and you were disinclined to face the violence of an extraction, the following two courses were open to you. "Take an old silver thimble or an old silver coin, and with a very fine file, convert it into filings. After sifting through gauze, take the finer portion and mix with quicksilver to form a stiff amalgam; and while in this state, fill the cavity of the decayed tooth. We have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing this to be the *best* thing of the kind. Quicksilver may be bought, for a trifle per half-ounce, at the chemist's." Or you might fill up the tooth with gutta percha softened in boiling water and then wait for it to set good and hard.

The bulk of the information given in *Enquire Within* was not, however, on matters medical or dental but on food and drink and kitchen economy. The copiousness of our grandfathers' diet, their exuberance of appetite and capacity—all this is too well known to need mention. What may not be sufficiently realised, perhaps, is that their eating and drinking was not the fairly straightforward, even if somewhat hurried and expensive, exercise that we have come to know today. Consider this sample from under the stark heading: "Adulterations."

Coffee, it was claimed, contained powdered peas, beans and acorns. Custard and Egg-powders—potato, chromate of lead and turmeric. Gin—cayenne pepper, sulphuric acid, almond cake [*sic*] and salt or tartar. Bread—plaster of Paris, chalk and alum. Lard—carbonate of soda and caustic lime. Potted Meats—bole armenian and Venetian red. Porter and Ale—cocculus indicus, tobacco, sulphate of iron, oyster shells, nux vomica and hartshorn shavings. Sugar—fine sand and sawdust. Tea—the leaves of sycamore, horse-chestnut, bastard plane, fancy oak and plum; sand, gum, arsenite of copper and bichromate of potash. Tobacco—rhubarb, dockleaves, sawdust and malt combings. Wines—elderberry and gooseberry juice, logwood and burnt sugar . . . ("There is scarcely a drop of pure wine to be obtained.").

Little wonder that in those days children were given early training against the stiff tasks of alimentation that lay ahead; digestive inoculation, so to say, took place in the nursery itself. "In the latter part of the first year, pure water may occasionally be given; and where this cannot be procured, a light and *well-fermented* table-beer should be substituted."

This volume of 350 closely printed pages would make an admirable source book for social historians of the period. In it these very recent ancestors of ours reveal themselves as from a far-off age that makes nonsense of chronology. They seem to belong to a different nation even. For example: dimensions are given for a cage suitable for skylarks, blackbirds or thrushes. It was recommended that this cage (height—one foot, three inches) should be arched and padded so that the bird should not injure itself by fluttering about. Under "Innocent Recreations of the Fireside" some specimen conundrums are given, including these two:—

Q. Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots?

A. Because bankrupts are broken while idiots are only cracked.

Q. Why is the treadmill like a true convert?

A. Because its turning is the result of conviction.

At the funerals of young persons, it is laid down that the pall should be borne by their companions wearing white gloves and love-ribbon. "It is a pretty and affecting sight to see the pall over the coffin of a young lady borne by six of her female friends." Philanthropy? Beds for the poor? "Beech-tree leaves are recommended for filling the beds of poor persons. They should be gathered on a dry day in the autumn, and perfectly dried. It is said that they smell very grateful, and will not harbour vermin. They are also very springy."

The original readers of this book could not possibly have dreamed that their grandchildren would become a nation of sportsmen, crowding as we do into arenas and around our little screens in our thousands of thousands. There is nowhere mention of any manly sport but swimming. (Indoor pastimes included Potichomanie—the converting of glassware into imitation Sèvres, Ming or Dresden by means of cut-out patterns and paint; Diaphanie—the embellishing of fanlights and bookcase windows with artistic transfers that gave a medieval stained-glass effect; Collecting and Laying Out Sea-weeds; Modelling Ancient Cities in Cork and Cinders.) But swimming—"this necessary and life-preserving art"—is most thoroughly dealt with.

To learn to swim, you needed a shelving beach and a hard-boiled egg. "The practice, I mean, is this: choosing a place where the water deepens gradually, walk coolly into it till it is up to your breast; then turn round your face to the shore, and throw an egg into the water between you and the shore; it will sink to the bottom and be easily seen there if the water be clean." You then flung yourself forward and downward at your egg—and this manœuvre proved to you convincingly that water is buoyant. That was all you needed to know. Once you had got that firmly in your head, the rest was simple, merely a matter of learning to strike out sturdily with hands and feet until "a progressive motion is achieved." Should you, however, find the sport laborious or unduly fatiguing, it was suggested that you fly a kite. By lying on your back and holding on to the kite-string, you would find yourself drawn along the surface of the water in very agreeable manner. The instructor (a Dr. Franklin) concludes his monograph on the subject thus: "I think it not impossible to cross, in this style, from Dover to Calais. The packet-boat, however, is still preferable."

But nothing could illustrate more aptly the truly prodigious distance that lies between our generations than these two quotations from the long section on "Errors in Speaking":—

"Instead of 'We die *for* want' say 'We die of want.'"

"Instead of 'He fell *down* from the balloon' say 'He fell from the balloon.'".

VERNON JOHNSON

The Relic

I HAPPENED to meet Jeremy Huston-Ellis just after I had heard that his father was dead. I said something civil, and then realised from his expression that this was the first he had heard about it. He said, "So the old man's dead," and made a hard mouth. Then he asked me to come and have a drink and we went into a pub and had whisky. He drank his quickly, deprecated with a little shrug the disapproval he assumed in me, and said: "De mortuis, and all that . . . ."

He said his father had bought him the first whisky he had ever had; he was eighteen at the time, on holiday from a German university. "My father was a very sentimental man. *The Old Curiosity Shop* brought tears to his eyes. When the national anthem was played, he stood like a guardsman on parade. When the loyal toast was drunk and people said 'The King!' he would add 'God bless him' and look round fiercely."

Huston-Ellis senior owned some provincial newspapers. He had always told his son that Lord Northcliffe was the greatest man of the age; and that the first Napoleon was the greatest man of *any* age. He had not many books, but all he had were about Napoleon and he read them over and over again. "The old man," said Jeremy, "had two busts of that damned Corsican bandit in his office, and two more in his study at home. He also had a white kid glove in a glass case. He had bought it from a French museum official who swore that it was stolen from the museum's Napoleon collection: He said it was one of the gloves Bonaparte wore at Marengo. My father paid a great deal for it."

"You were telling me," I said, "about your first whisky."

"My father's sentimentality suddenly took a very embarrassing turn . . . you're-a-man-now-and-we-can-be-pals."

It seems Huston-Ellis senior had started by

starting this week!

If YOU HAVEN'T YET READ ANIMAL FARM, then you should read it now. If you have already read it, then read it again. Few authors have rivalled the power of Orwell's writing, and few will deny the clear-thinking relevance of what he has to say.

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telling his son an obscene story, which had shocked Jeremy very much. And as if that were not enough, he took him into a pub . . . "the *public* bar, my boy, that's where you can keep your finger on the pulse of the common man," . . . and bought him a whisky. This, by the way, was at the time, between the last two wars, when there were three million unemployed. "You remember the time. I forget which mob of scoundrels was in office. Baldwin? Macdonald? Or had they got together? Anyway, there were three million people living on the smell of an oil-rag . . . bread and scrape . . . *Love on the Dole* . . . *Road to Wigan Pier* . . . you remember."

While Jeremy was getting down that whisky, with his father beaming at him, a whey-faced, rachitic youth sidled into the pub and tried to sell some bootlaces before the publican saw him and threw him out. He had not managed to sell any when the publican did see him, and ordered him off the premises. Some decent soul told the boy to put up his laces, and bought him a pint of old and mild. So then he was entitled to stay and receive courtesy. He had probably not had much to eat for some time, and the beer excited him and he started to talk and the whole public bar heard about his mother expecting her ninth, with not enough to eat, and his father having been out of work for seven years, and three sisters with influenza, one of them pregnant and with a husband drinking his dole money.

"My father," said Jeremy, "was quite moved. He bought the young man another pint. But he soon regretted it."

The youth had, it seemed, been listening to what Huston-Ellis's father called "agitators." He began to talk rather wildly about how, come the revolution, there would be changes, how things were different in Russia, how some people would soon find themselves worse off than they thought they were and others get their rights. Huston-Ellis senior said, in a red-faced sort of voice, that there would always be shrewd and capable men, who would get money, and lazy, incapable ones who would not. The youth said, "Money!" with great scorn, and went on to accuse a prominent trade union leader of taking bribes from the capitalists. In those days, when there were still Socialists even at the head of quite large unions, that was a remarkable thing to say.

Jeremy's father then did an odd thing. He cleared a space on the bar and he said he was sorry the young man's family was in want and that the one thing which would relieve them was money, horrible stuff as, no doubt, it was. He laid two pound notes on the bar, and said the youth was to take them to his mother. The young man said, "I don't want your dirty money," and stood there looking at it as if he were seeing a vision of God just out of his reach. Huston-Ellis senior smiled at him and then, very slowly, one by one, he began laying pound notes on the bar. The young man had been flushed with drink, but by the time there were seven pounds he was as white as bleached bread and when the total reached ten pounds and the whole, crowded bar was in silence, he suddenly snatched at the money like a quick thief, and turned and ran, stumbling, out into the street. Huston-Ellis senior laughed indulgently.

Jeremy fell silent. I bought him another whisky and asked him what he had done.

"Nothing. Just stopped myself throwing my glass in the old man's face. God! I hated him!"

He did not go back to Germany to school. He left home and got a job in a translations bureau at starvation wages and gave the rest of his time to politics. His father left half a million, but not to his son.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

AUNT OR ARBITER

"TELL me what you possess and I will tell you what you think," wrote Balzac. The Arts Council possesses about £2,000 a year with which to buy works of art. And their collection of 170 pictures and 22 pieces of sculpture (about half of which are now on show at St. James's Square) reflects exactly the sort of taste that figure suggests: the taste of a wealthy, but not ostentatious, sincere, discriminating private collector.

As one walks round this elegant house, one admires both his good sense and his courage. He is not easily taken in by fashionable nonsense—there is only one joke on his walls, a drawing of the underneath of a chin by Paolozzi. At the same time he doesn't wait for the Tate to sanction his faith in those whom he thinks are promising; he has bought works by Jack Smith, Philip Sutton, Peter Lanyon, John Bratby, Middleditch, Peter Kinley. Probably soon he will add a Greaves, an Alastair Grant, a Le Brocquy, a Frederick Brill, a Brian Robb. He has no works by Burra, Pitchforth or John Armstrong; there are better Lanyons, Carel Weights and Josef Hermans than he has bought. But his Matthew Smith still life, his Sickerts, his Robert Medley, his Colquhoun, his Gowing, his William Roberts drawing, are fine examples. All in all, and when one has allowed for the fact that any adventurous buyer acquiring early works is bound to be "outgrown" by the very artists he has encouraged, this is the collection of an exemplary patron. One only regrets that there are not more like him. Unfortunately, however, the days of private patronage are ending and for the future we must look to bodies like the Arts Council. . . .

That is the irony of the situation. The Council is often accused of spending its pitifully inadequate income wildly and extravagantly. In fact it spends with great thought and discrimination. It is also accused of being partisan. In fact its taste is remarkably catholic—much more so than that of the British Council or the Tate. Yet it is able to do almost nothing about the real problems, to solve which it was originally formed: the problem of the unemployment of artists, and the problem of the division of public taste into a highbrow élite and a lowbrow mass. This failure is partly the result of a lack of funds. Besides the £2,000 a year spent on buying works, another £1,000 is spent on hiring works from artists for travelling exhibitions. This means that rather less than £3,000 (when one has deducted gallery commissions) actually reaches the pockets of artists. There are nearly 130 painters and sculptors represented in the Council's collection. It would be safe to double that figure to include the number of unrepresented artists of equal talent. Consequently all that the Arts Council is able to do, is to subsidise 260 professional artists to the *average* amount of £10 a year—the cost of one month's very modest supply of materials.

It is able to spend £16,000 a year on exhibitions. The works now on show have been exhibited in 113 different places since 1947. In addition the Council is responsible for many of the most important exhibitions in London and the provinces—such as the Dufy and Mexican exhibitions. No one can deny the value of these activities. But they cannot begin to solve the problem of public taste. At the best they only slightly increase the number of the *élite*. To tackle the real problem of popular participation in the visual arts, it would be necessary to commission works to serve and be seen in a popular context—schools, swimming baths, railway stations and so on. There is no money left to do this.

Here, however, I can see many people objecting and saying that I am trying to turn the Arts Council into a Ministry of Fine Arts. Which brings me to the second reason, besides that of finance, for the Council's fundamental failure.

The Council is terrified of exercising any control over the arts. In its Annual Report it proudly states that:

> In this country, at least, it has already been abundantly demonstrated that Government patronage and Local Government patronage can be exercised without any abrogation of the principle of self-government in the arts.

As a result of this, the Council sees its sole function as one of encouraging the present development of contemporary art, its only criterion (and this is where the ironic parallel with a private collector comes in) being that of relative quality. Yet it is the whole present development of contemporary art which must change direction if the problem of art in a democratic society is to be solved. The Council is open-minded and passive. It ought to be partisan and active. It should not be a charitable advisory aunt to the arts, but a standard bearer of an altogether new social conception of public art.

It should campaign openly against all those who have a vested interest in the present state of affairs: against esoteric cliques (at the moment the Council contributes £1,500 annually to the I.C.A.) and against all the reactionary, cynical local boards and councils throughout the country, who in their uneasy comfort consider art either an extravagance or a danger. It might even attempt to obtain, through Act of Parliament, partial control over the appointment of gallery and museum staffs, and the right to set up an inquiry when every effort to promote any contemporary art in a particular area is sabotaged. It should buy works not just because they are good of their kind, but also because they are likely to be popular or because they fit into schemes of didactic, explanatory exhibitions. It should be constantly working upon the Trade Unions to persuade them, not of their responsibility to the arts, but of the usefulness of art to them. It should organise several competitions every year (even without prizes) for unobscure works for specific public sites. It should negotiate with the B.B.C. for programmes of art propaganda. It should set up committees to investigate and advise on such questions as art school training—the number of students at one end, the number of jobs at the other. It should have some link with all the design projects of British Railways and the nationalised industries. Above all a large proportion of its public "demonstrations" should be directed, not to the "art-loving" public, but to those who are at present indifferent.

Perhaps all these activities sound too theoretical. If so, then another way to the same end would be for the Council to spend *all* its money on employing thirty artists full time on large-scale public commissions, having persuaded the local or national organisations owning the sites to pay only for the cost of materials. Such an experiment would create a situation in which artists and public would find themselves face to face with at least a possible interest in common. When once this had been brought about, the mutual education of both artists and public would follow naturally even if very slowly. The Council has a horror of centralised power. It believes in local autonomy for both artists and districts. This only makes sense when once the circumstances for development have been established. To create them a powerful centralised body is necessary. Behind the scenes the Council makes moves in some of the directions I am suggesting even now, but what I believe is necessary is a basic change of outward character. The true patron is not just a collector, but must be, for better or worse, a commissioner and an arbiter.

I am well aware of the difficulties and dangers of what I am recommending: the possible public outcry leading to the disbanding of the Council altogether: the widespread fear of "State art": the over-simplifications which might be necessary: the un-Englishness of the whole idea: the present achievements which might have to be sacrificed: the increased funds that would be needed: the dangers of beaurocracy. But because the situation is critical, the risks are worth taking and even

KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE THERM

YOU BURN COAL RAW, and what happens? You make smoke, which makes smog, and you destroy the raw materials of a hundred different products from paint to motor-spirit, from nylons to fertilizers. Smoke is not only a menace to health—it is the funeral pyre of wealth.

Mr. Therm carbonises coal, and what happens? He produces gas and coke, the two great smokeless fuels—highly efficient and clean burning. And he provides for British Industry (and for export) all the chemicals and substances that would otherwise be lost for ever to our National economy. Thus with one stone Mr. Therm kills two hateful birds—waste of wealth and menace to health. Mr. Therm's way is much the more sensible.

'GUILTY CHIMNEYS'
The Gas Council's Smoke Abatement film 'GUILTY CHIMNEYS' *is available on loan to approved borrowers*

GAS AND COKE—*heat without smoke*

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL *Issued by the Gas Council*

a start would be better than nothing. It is many years since the book *Art Lies Bleeding* was published. Art now lies dying. The Arts Council sits by the bed and in the most genuine and sympathetic way holds the patient's hand and strokes his forehead. But that is not enough. Drastic operations are necessary. Some of the paintings now on show (the Epstein, Lowry, Medley, Vaughan, Pasmore, Sutton, Ciri Richards, Middleditch, Ardizonne and William Roberts) prove that the life is worth saving. That the Arts Council can make us realise this, must be the sum of our present gratitude. If it can do no more, those who have faith in art, who have a vision of what art can mean to a people, will continue to support it for the sake of small mercies, but they will increasingly have to look elsewhere for the energy and organisation necessary for the total rehabilitation of art.

JOHN BERGER

SOFT ARMS

Variations on a Theme of Purcell is one of Frederick Ashton's two new ballets produced for the Sadler's Wells company at Covent Garden last week. By way of scenario there is a quotation from Ovid: "If you have a voice, sing: if soft arms, dance—and with whatever gifts you have for pleasing—please!" Alas! there would hardly be one of the company left if Mr. Ashton had taken Ovid at his word, for the dancers' arms are like bars of elegant but flexible steel. This, so far as I can see, comes from the modern style of training, for even those who used to have soft arms now attack the air aggressively, as though it was an enemy, rather than patting and soothing it into compliance as was the tradition fifteen years ago. I prefer the old fashioned, sensitive movements, for it seems that these more fastidious gestures are wonderfully heightened by contrast to the fierce and exacting legwork that the ballet technique demands. In the present style, which first became noticeable as a style in American companies, the arms have come to be more like another pair of legs, and lost almost all their frail and subtle lyricism. In *Variations on a Theme of Purcell* only Alexander Grant uses his arms as a foil to his legs, thereby achieving a far greater variety of technical expression than anyone else. As a joker master-of-ceremonies he is expert; though so extraordinarily self-conscious of the effect he is making on the stage (not from lack of confidence but from rather too much) that his energetic dancing loses that exciting impact which a more spontaneous artist would achieve.

The music of the variations is by Benjamin Britten. It is light and cunningly amusing, with fugues that Mr. Ashton has matched choreographically in an abstract carnival of dancing. The patterns are symmetric, the steps classical: in fact there is the kind of formality that Balanchine approves, only without his earnestness of purpose.

The second ballet, *Rinaldo and Armida*, is slow and romantic, with long embraces amid winter black trees. Armida lures her victims to a woodland pergola, where they love her and die. But on meeting Rinaldo she is herself smitten and falls dead at his long-resisted kiss. It is the subsidiary figures that make the plot wholly unconvincing. There is another, more wicked-seeming fairy scuffling around in the mist and leaves at the back, making unheeded signs to Armida. There is also Rinaldo's friend, whose only use is to catch the heroically flung cloak. These characters keep cluttering up the stage, just as there seems a chance that Michael Somes and Svetlana Beriosova will embark on one of those poetic *pas de deux* at which Mr. Ashton excels. They are a handsome couple and dance well, but are so restricted by embraces, trees, friends and unsatisfactory magic that the ballet never falls into that trance-like ecstasy of which so many moments gave promise.

ANNABEL FARJEON

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LOOK AND LISTEN

"THE B.B.C. are daft." Thus Mr. James Callaghan, the Hon. Member for South East Cardiff, with the bewildered indignation of one who has suddenly been made to realise that the higher levels of the Corporation's hierarchy are manned by people who live in a world entirely different from that of the rest of us. Mr. Callaghan, together with Mr. Michael Foot, was to appear in the political discussion *In the News*. When they learned that a ban had been imposed on any discussion of the railway situation, even though the threatened strike had been called off, Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Foot withdrew from the programme; in my view rightly, and I can only wish their Tory colleagues had done the same. Not, of course, that the TV announcer explained this to us at the time; we were told merely that, for unspecified reasons, Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Foot couldn't come and that Mr. Francis-Williams and Mr. Dingle Foot would take their place. We sat back and looked and listened, with a growing sense of unreality. The four members of the panel discussed, with much animation, the question of bulk buying, the decisions of the Boundary Commission and the behaviour of landladies towards coloured tenants. Important subjects no doubt—but the programme was called *In the News*, and what during the current week had been the most important subject in the news, what had hogged the main headlines in the press, if not the railway situation and the threatened strike? And what at the end of the programme did we feel? That the programme had belied its name; that the speakers had shirked the principal issue of the week; that we had been fobbed off with substitutes; that, in short, we had been cheated.

This, I suggest, was the inevitable reaction of viewers who had been waiting in intelligent anticipation of intelligent discussion of a highly important issue by responsible public men. But the public men had been refused by the B.B.C. credit for their sense of responsibility. The Corporation had banned discussion of the railways because "it did not want to jeopardise negotiations." Presented with such high-minded sentiments one can only ask, What does the B.B.C. think it is? The whole of the press can report the rail dispute under banner headlines, can analyse the Interim Report in leading articles. Members of the public can argue themselves blue in the face over the threat of a strike. We accept all this as right, and no one thinks that it "jeopardises negotiations." Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Foot, in their letter to the Director-General, accused the Corporation of "inexcusable timidity": they would have been more accurate if they had accused it of megalomania. The B.B.C. is right to take itself seriously: but when it takes itself solemnly, it merely makes itself look silly—"daft." And there seems no doubt that it is taking itself increasingly solemnly, blowing itself up with absurd pretensions.

Now I do not for one moment believe the B.B.C. consciously wishes to interfere with the free discussion of legitimately discussible subjects; but that, in fact, is the consequence of the over-inflation of its corporate ego. So far as the recent case of *In the News* is concerned, no great harm has been done—except to the B.B.C. The case was well publicised. But one can't help wondering all the time about the cases of interference with free discussion or with the expression of free opinion on the part of the B.B.C. that receive no publicity at all. Perhaps none exists, but it becomes more and more difficult to believe that this can be so.

It is this that makes the public discussion programmes of the B.B.C., as opposed to those staged in the studio, so important at the present moment. A couple of hours before watching *In the News* I had been listening to *Any Questions*. As it happens, it was broadcast from a locomotive workshop, and short of a complete rigging of audience, speakers and questions, not even the wit of Sir Ian Jacob himself could have devised a way of preventing the inevitable question about

the railways. Of course, it came. The presence of an audience has become a safeguard, a safeguard precisely of freedom of discussion. What use is made of it depends, of course, on the calibre of audience and speakers alike. Last week I listened to two editions of *Town Forum*, in which a team of four distinguished Europeans were questioned by Midland audiences. I was disappointed in both, and looking back on them I can see that the cause of the disappointment was revealed in one wonderful moment of the television edition. A questioner had asked a question about the value of Dr. Billy Graham to Europe, and the Bishop of Hanover had come back with a splendid display of episcopal approval. The question was passed to M. Pierre-Olivier Lapie: M. Lapie had never heard of Dr. Graham; nor had Professor Paolo Treves. Between audience and speakers, then, there was a gap in knowledge and assumptions that was rarely bridged. But the TV version was justified if only because illusions about the cosmic importance of Dr. Graham were exposed to the chill winds of French and Italian unawareness of him.

For the most part, *Town Forum* was a woolly affair. There was nothing woolly about *Asian Club*, on TV. This is always an enchanting programme, mainly because of the vivacity and unself-consciousness of its audience of Eastern students. In the past it has sometimes been criticised because the subjects discussed have been uncontroversial. Last week, however, Mr. Alan Bullock appeared to discuss the prospect for 1955. Almost immediately the gulf between him and a considerable part of his audience was manifest. He seemed surprised by it, but sticking to his guns, he conducted himself in what must have been a tricky situation, with engaging courtesy. He was, in fact, put on the spot by intelligent young men and women, who shared the assumptions neither of the West nor of the Communists and who saw both as guilty. If it surprised Mr. Bullock I can only think that to the viewing public it must have come as a brand-new shock. And that, I take it, was valuable.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Carmen Jones," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"The Bridges at Toko-Ri," at the Leicester Square Odeon

Wasn't there a character in Chesterton named Byron Jones, of whom someone said it was a pity there wasn't more Byron in him and less Jones? So one might complain of this new Carmen. Negroes instead of Spaniards, parachute instead of cigarette factory, the boxing ring in place of the bull ring: all Jones. But why—the simple admirer of Bizet may be tempted to ask—what's the point? Well, there doesn't seem to be one, any more than there is in a chain-smoking Hamlet or Robinson Crusoe on skates.

Carmen Jones, as a battered classic, falls somewhere between the two. It is no longer opera ("musical play" is the term preferred), but it rises above the grotesques of entertainment. An all-Negro world, in every shade from soot to pink, has its charm; the story grips most of the time in a convention no less well-worn than the original; acting and singing are spirited; and Carmen herself flares, swirls, and catches gusts of sympathy. Some of the singing voices are—very well—dubbed. Recitative has given way to dialogue in the vernacular. The whole thing, up to a point, goes. Yet the initial difficulty of patching together songs and spoken dialogue, to say nothing of Bizet's score and Bowery melodrama, is never resolved.

There are dramatic bits, there are operatic bits, and sometimes the two coalesce to make something strikingly new. I recall the fortune-telling scene, with its suddenly sober bedecked women, an aria heard as the singer hurries tight-lipped down the street, the crowd giving its fisticuffs version of "Toreadore" to fill the hall. But these are isolated moments: what links them together is not musical or operatic mood but the Frankie and Johnnie tale that has been ingeniously twisted out of the original.

The real trouble, of course—to come back to where we started—is that these vivid and captivating Negroes have nothing whatever to do with Bizet and he doesn't in the least express them. Bizet, as it happens, *was* once perfectly assimilated in a film: *Sous les Toits de Paris*. The rainstorm, as two friends sheltered in a doorway, was caught up in a flurry of notes from "Jeux d'Enfants"; images complemented sounds; mood and movement were one. No enlightenment of the kind comes to us from *Carmen Jones*; though it is, I'll agree, rare and even rattling entertainment. Miss Dorothy Dandridge's Carmen, Mr. Harry Belafonte's haunting Joe, and Miss Olga James's sadly jilted girl (which she even beautifully sings herself) keep dullness away. Granted the whole enterprise, Mr. Otto Preminger as director has made a sparkling job of it; and I daresay he could do wonders with an Hawaiian *Faust*.

The more thrilling parts of *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* follow a jet-carrier into action and the bombing of some impossibly defended bridges in Korea. Even though we've seen before the planes catapulted off and semaphored back, they excite again; and the flights over mountains have a desolate interest. Mr. Fredric March is in charge, and it's hardly his fault if he lost a son to be remembered at sunset and has to coach young wives on how to prepare for the worst. His pupil tries sharing burdens; "I must hear about those bridges," she insists, "tell me about the bridges, darling." This isn't, shore stuff apart, a bad routine film but one can see how much more alert and factual it could have been made from a documentary *Jet Carrier* showing in the *Carmen Jones* programme. This shows us not only more of the aeronautics, but hints at the street-corner American way of life in mid-ocean.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

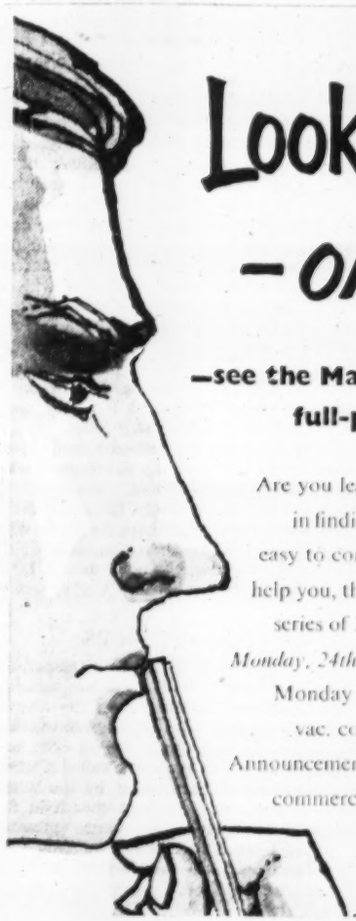
Correspondence

AFTER THE PARIS TREATIES

SIR,—You appear to think that, after ratification of the Paris Treaties, the Western Powers will come to terms with the Soviet Union, and that there will be a kind of peaceful co-existence between two opposing Blocs. Each would be controlled by a world Power—the Eastern by the Soviet Union, the Western by the United States of America. The political division of Germany would become permanent: West Germany or the German Federal Republic would belong to the Western Bloc, East Germany or the German Democratic Republic would belong to the Eastern Bloc.

This seems to me the shortest road to world war number three, the first world war of the atomic age, beginning as a German civil war. Apparently you do not share this viewpoint; for, after regretting that—on account of the Paris Treaties—"the all-important bargaining point of a neutralised Germany has been thrown away," you continue: "But the need to talk about the problems that arise from the existence of two sovereign States of Germany is very great; and, provided a conference takes place soon, while West Germany is still substantially unarmed and the full implementation of the Eastern Nato remains in suspense, there must be a reasonable chance of achieving the minimum objectives of increased trade and some limitation on the arming of the two Germanies." (THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, December 11.)

This prospect seems to me an extremely dangerous type of self-delusion. First, do you really believe that the German people could ever be reconciled to a state of affairs which would be based on the permanent division of Germany and would finally lead to a complete disintegration of the German nation as a historically developed, stable community of language, territory, economics and national character? Undoubtedly, the Germans of today hold different views about various matters. But there is one point we are



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agreed upon: we want our country to be re-united. And this is the decisive point.

Even a superficial glance at German history makes it quite clear that, since the days of the Reformation and the Peasants' War, the German people have always striven for national unity and a national state. This longing was sometimes subdued, sometimes it burst into flames, but it was never wholly extinct. In the second half of the nineteenth century it became irresistible. This happened at a time when the economic, political and cultural factors working for unification of Germany were far less strong than they are now. It is quite useless to look for a stable peace as long as the German problem remains unsolved, as long as the political division of Germany is being upheld by artificial means. Otherwise it cannot be maintained, as it runs counter to the will of the German people, irrespective of whether they are living in the Federal Republic or in the Democratic Republic.

Secondly, there can be no peaceable co-existence between States of different social and political complexion—particularly as a new *Wehrmacht* is coming into existence in the Federal Republic. There has been no radical change in the social structure of West Germany since the overthrow of the Nazi régime; it bears a strong resemblance to the Weimar Republic in those years which witnessed the transition from parliamentary government to Fascist dictatorship. The managing directors of the big firms, the armaments kings of the Ruhr, the coal-iron-steel magnates of Rhineland-Westphalia, the big landowners who have come in considerable numbers from the East and are anxious to recover what they have lost there, the Generals and officers of the *Wehrmacht* who learned nothing—they are all there. They will sign any treaty in order to pass through the dangerous period, when the new *Wehrmacht* is still in its infancy; they will break every treaty as soon as the *Wehrmacht* has grown into maturity.

In a letter to West German writers the great dramatist and poet, Bert Brecht, very appropriately reminded them of the following words: "The great Carthage waged three wars. After the first it remained a powerful State, after the second it still was habitable. It was no longer traceable after the third." We German patriots in East and West, lovers of our fatherland and of peace, do not want our country to share the fate of Carthage.

Humboldt University, Berlin. A. MEUSEL

[We are at one with Professor Meusel in regarding the division of Germany as dangerous; indeed our consistent opposition to the rearming of West Germany—which seems to us to harden the division—has been based partly on this consideration. If, however, rearmament of the two Germanies becomes a fact, the first step in paving the way for eventual re-unification is surely to seek a limitation of their armed forces.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MONKEY BUSINESS

SIR,—I am puzzled about those monkeys. There was a bit of a fuss about the 394 monkeys who died of suffocation in a van near London Airport.

They were part of a consignment of 1,600 monkeys being flown from India to America for all sorts of experiments—Rockets, Nuclear, Polio and so forth.

It may be assumed that many of the remaining 1,206, and of other consignments, will also die, probably a lingering death—as bad as in the "Belsen" van. But nobody worries. Is it because some worse human suffering may be alleviated in Rockets and why? Or am I too logical? I'd like to know.

CECIL L'ESTRANGE MALONE

36 Buckingham Gate,
London, S.W.1.

PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT

SIR,—It is often reported in the columns of the newspapers that an offender against the law, who obviously is in need of psychological treatment, has been bound over by the magistrate or judge to go into a hospital, prison or out-patient department, where he can be treated by specialists.

It is in theory a good idea, but as an interested layman who had occasion to see the inside of mental hospitals, out-patient departments, etc., may I put forward that in practice, owing to the large number of patients and small number of psychiatrists, treatment given is inadequate, especially for patients who have no record of some more violent punishable offence. In fact, it seems to me that a great deal of "psychological treatment" in hospitals, etc., is no treatment at all but a pretence. (Or is it, perhaps, a discreet punishment of the patient by Society?) To change the basic attitude and outlook of a patient, or to trace back his emotional history, or to form a picture of his social background and adjustment to his present surroundings takes a great deal of time, goodwill and hard work of the doctor (as well as of the patient). That this can be effected in a weekly or fortnightly short interview with a doctor (as is the case in many hospital or out-patient departments), or in a weekly session with a Group, or with a series of shocks, seems improbable to me. This curtailed form of treatment may even be dangerous as the doctor, by only being able to get a fleeting glance of the patient and his history, may come to the wrong conclusion about him.

There are only a selected few who can avail themselves of better medical treatment: either those who are selected for psychoanalytical treatment in specialised clinics (as the Tavistock), for which there is a very long waiting list, or perhaps for those who are selected for long-term rehabilitation in rehabilitation centres, or for the few who have about £1,000 to spare for private treatment. A SUFFERER

CHRISTMAS SERVICES

SIR,—Critic is hardly fair in his comparison between Roman Catholic and Anglican worship which he witnessed at Christmas. In the former case he went to Mass, which is the principal worship of the Church, for the latter he chose an extra unofficial service, which might almost be called a stunt, without intending any disparagement by the word. Had he been to that same Anglican church in the morning he might have seen that same "pleasant pink-faced young English . . . pries", standing with supernatural functions" as the instrument of a "miracle" performed by God.

In view of the ignorance of many who attend the popular nine lessons and carols, it is probably unwise to open with the serpent story of Genesis 3. Other passages portray the Fall of Man more briefly and clearly. But instructed Anglicans know that the Bible is full of parables, and that the serpent story is one of them. The point is that the human race left to itself is corrupt, that man cannot by his unaided efforts lead the life he ought to lead.

Critic betrays his own feelings by his last sentence, "whatever kind of Lord (if any) we happen to have created for our comfort." In other words, the whole thing is make-believe. If so, was it worthy of him to attend either of those Christmas services?

Sandridge Vicarage, E. GILES
St. Albans.

SIR,—As I believe you to have great influence with Critic, I hope you can persuade him that his strictures upon Christmas are not quite fair? Yes, a Carol Service may be fun—it is also devotional and beautiful, but it does not take the place of the chief service of the day, which Church people, whether Roman Catholics or Anglicans, look upon as obligatory, whether they make their Communion at midnight, or at one of the morning services; an obligation, but also a deeply felt privilege. As we go to the lighted church through the darkness, we are one with the Shepherds, hastening to Bethlehem.

As for what we commemorate, is it not this? That God had been unable to teach His people His true nature—they could not get beyond such things as bruising the serpent's head, and calling their Heavenly Father a God of Battles. The only way that He could teach them that He was a God of Love was by the miracle of Bethlehem, when He entered human life by the gate of birth and passed through it to death, showing in a life of absolute love what His nature was. Bishop Gore so often stressed that the Atonement can only be understood by the Incarnation. SILVIA TATHAM.

Abingdon, Berks.

INSPIRATION AND THE PAINTER

SIR,—Patrick Heron's article omits what I believe is the key factor of the process of painting.

Incidentally, I wonder which, if any, of the artists with whom he wishes to be associated (notably Braque, Matisse and Picasso) would accept his analysis. He refers us to Michelangelo so that we may perceive the importance of abstract pattern when almost every art student is aware of this importance. But alas! there are those who have passed beyond the art schools and still do not realise that the rhythms of form in space are determined inevitably by the subject in hand, whether the subject be "imaginative" or "objective."

Tradition once played an important role; but, however strict the tradition and however rigid its geometry, artists emerged as definite personalities, selecting from accepted conventions, or beyond their supposed limits, those elements which most potently described the subject-matter.

The rhythms of "The Last Judgment" are new from any of the Sistine ceiling not simply because the wall surface presented a different problem, but because the different subject aroused new sensations in the breast of an artist who had passed into an immensely "ripe" old age.

The same reasoning explains how—where the approach is purely objective—a late Cézanne still-life differs from an early one, and why no two of his paintings are similar.

Looking round the galleries today one realises that too many of the younger painters are concerned chiefly with picture-making along the lines advocated by Patrick Heron.

Paintings, churned out in series, are apt to bear a sickening resemblance; only the artist's label in the form of stylistic peculiarities—especially where surface textures are concerned—is firmly attached, so that we can place his output really into the right fashionable category and distinguish it from that of the production belt working around the corner.

How many are concerned with "the colour, texture, shape, depth and pattern" of their immediate

MIND

A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy

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surroundings? But what requires emphasis is that none of this subject-matter can be re-created unless it is first comprehended as a whole, consistent with a mood, and that the mood is the artist's own unique secret and privilege.

An egg placed at just such a distance from a jug; their relative sizes and colours; the space in front, between and behind; all this will have meaning only when the artist is prompted to select and stress with regard to a particular mood or idea; a new mood or idea must be evoked if a piece of cloth is added.

Every arrangement has a rhythm which is peculiar to it and any interference must alter the rhythm and give way to a new mood. You tip the kaleidoscope ever so gently—a new pattern and a new sensation are formed, and no two artists, however close in time and thought, will interpret alike the same still-life or landscape.

They will feel differently, select differently, and apply their paint differently. They will be forced along separate roads towards the same source of light, for the signposts are strangely inscribed and there are a myriad different turnings.

But to interpret the inscriptions they must be artists and not compilers of shapes, who see in a still-life merely "an abstract harmony of dovetailed forms." I believe that artists are few, that among the few inspiration is rare, that there are, however, exceptional moments, and that these moments—when the artist is wholly aware of his subject—are close to divine revelation.

MICHAEL SALAMAN

22 Bolton Studios, S.W.10

WINE SNOBBERY

SIR,—Allow me, as a faithful and therefore a tolerant American reader of your paper, a few words of comment on your recent wine supplement.

Mr. Penning-Rowsell, in his leading article, had something to say about wine snobbery:

"But the real snobbery which the amateur must disdain is over first growths and têtes de cuvée—a snobbery for which the Americans have much to answer."

In his entire article, however, Mr. Penning-Rowsell mentions only four wines by name: Lafite, Yquem, Romanée Conti and Ch. Beycheville, all "snob" wines. Not a single reference to any of those second-string wines that he would have the non-snobs drink, an oversight for which, as an Englishman, he has "much to answer."

So also Mr. Postgate in his little piece on Claret, mentions only these: Latour, Lafite, Mouton Rothschild, La Mission Haut Brion, Smith-Haut-Lafitte, Haut Brion, Canon, Beauséjour, Clos Fourtet, Ausone and Cheval Blanc, all likewise "snob" wines.

In the United States, wine snobbery is an imported attitude. It is found among Rhodes scholars and rich and persistent Anglophiles, most of whom seem to have been infected by it in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street, London, England. The rest of us get along most of the time, when we want a fine bottle, with the less familiar *crus classés*, of which there is always a plentiful supply over here. If the emphasis in our shops is on fine French wines instead of the cheap French wines, there is a reason which Mr. Penning-Rowsell should be able to understand and which has nothing to do with snobbery. It is this: that costs of bottling, shipment across the ocean and import duty are the same regardless of the quality in the bottle; and therefore it is an economy to concentrate on the best so far as imports are concerned. For everyday drinking we have our own wines, mostly from California but some grown in the East. England does not.

This leads me to my second comment. In his remarks on the *vins divers* Mr. A. J. P. Taylor had this to say about the wines of California:

"Californian wine is an imitation of Spanish. Like Californian fruit and Hollywood girls, it looks better than it tastes. One of the few penalties of being President of the United States is being condemned to four years of Californian wine."

I do not know how many Hollywood girls Mr. Taylor has tasted. I do know something about Californian wines and assure your readers that on this subject Mr. Taylor is an ignoramus.

The Californian wines are not an imitation of Spanish. As for our sweet fortified wines, which are produced cheaply and in great abundance, the "sherry" bears very little resemblance to the Spanish but, being a baked wine, more nearly resembles Marsala and Madeira; the "port" is not made of the Portuguese grape varieties but is akin to the sweet red alcoholic wines of Roussillon and thereabout. The Muscat is like Muscat the world over. As for the table wines, their character is dictated by the climate and the *encépagement*, which are Mediterranean with local differences. The predominant grapes are those of the Mediterranean basin and the Rhône valley and yield wines of corresponding character: the ordinary reds could as well come from Algeria, Languedoc, Southern Italy, Greece or Palestine; the whites likewise. Commercially they are prettied up and described in hyperbole; but the families who use them are content. This kind of wine nourished the origins of Western civilisation and still nourishes a great part of it. Mr. Taylor's trouble is that, being an Englishman, he has no real feeling for the nature and uses of wine.

But to continue: our President is not condemned to four years of these any more than M. Coty to a diet of *pinard* or the Queen to the results of Mr. Hyams' gallant efforts. The North European *plants fins*—the Rieslings and Traminers of the Rhine valley, the Pinot Noir of the Côte d'Or, and so on—do not come true in California, generally speaking. But the Semilion and Sauvignon of the Sauternes do very well in certain parts of the State; in the Santa Cruz and Sonoma mountains the Pinot Chardonnay produces a sort of cousin to Meursault; and in the Napa valley, as well as in certain other areas, the Cabernet and its relatives and the Gamay of Beaujolais find things congenial. California's better *rosés* are strictly comparable to Tavel. A President condemned to four years of these is not too badly off.

The Sun, PHILIP M. WAGNER
Baltimore. *Editor*

The Daily Telegraph

ANNOUNCES

that it has secured exclusive serial rights in this country of 'Stalin's Russia—And After' by Harrison E. Salisbury.

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Having laid down his truisms Mr. Francis Russell* finds these qualities lacking in the "obscure" writers of the Twenties and Thirties: Joyce, Gertrude Stein and Kafka: their obscurity disguises a void which they try vainly to fill up with symbolism, mysticism and psychological *bric à brac*. Another young American critic, Mr. Robert Humphrey, who is concerned only with the technical issue of the appearance of "the stream of consciousness" in the novel†, would not find this general criticism acceptable. Mr. Russell is clear and fluent, Mr. Humphrey's writing is heavy with verbal ironmongery. But occasionally he clears the counter and we can see what he means without pain. The revolt against experiment has not reached him and of Joyce and Virginia Woolf he writes:

> They have opened up a new area of life [for the novel]. They have added a mental functioning and psychic existence to the already established domain of motive and action. They have created a fiction centred on the core of human experience. . . . The human mind, especially the artist's, is too complex and wayward ever to be channelled into conventional patterns.

A moment's thought shows this last sentence does not state a general truth: Mr. Wyndham Lewis's "demon of progress in the arts" has been at work here.

There are two questions to be answered by these critics: Is difficult writing necessarily obscure writing? Were the obscure or difficult writers of the experimental period in the Twenties and Thirties simply iconoclasts or were they creating new conventions and colonising new areas of experience which had some real expectation of life in normal times? We cannot tell. We can echo Mr. T. S. Eliot's remark about Joyce: that he wrote the most considerable work of his time, but that the future may well believe that the literary work of that time was trivial. To this judgment Mr. Francis Russell would add that the period has a disagreeable parallel in the Hellenistic phase of Alexandrian culture and that Joyce is to be compared with the poet Lycophron whose epic, *Alexandra*,

> dissolves in puns, anagrams, paraphrases, foreign words, portmanteau nouns and a coined vocabulary. A third of the words Lycophron used were of his own invention being found nowhere else in Greek literature. . . . His pseudo-epic has been passed down by reason of its baffling obscurity as a sterile freak of literature, accidentally immortal through its monumental emptiness. . . .

Lycophron nevertheless defined the situation in Alexandria: the severance of "the artist from the world at large, the rootlessness of a top-heavy commercial civilisation." I shall never read Lycophron, but historians agree with Mr. Russell's general statement that:

> The great distinction of the Alexandrian age, its permanent contribution, was in the fields of mathematics and science. It was the age of specialists, of Euclidean geometry, of spectacular advances in medicine and astronomy. Such abstruse sciences, demanding a life-time of concentrated application, were without influence on poetry. The poets, from what they considered their higher sphere of vision, looked down on such men as Euclid and Archimedes. Just as between poetry and practical life, the divorce between science and poetry was complete, and poetry, thrown back on itself, began to eat its words.

After reading that one might defensibly oppose Mr. Russell with the view that he has shown that science *did* influence poetry: they share a common specialisation and abstruseness. Less destructive commentators than Mr. Russell tell us that the Alexandrian was above all a period dominated by the spirit of conservation and criticism. The creative writers wrote works made to satisfy a demand for cud and exegesis.

We are certainly in such a phase now. Joyce, Kafka, even Faulkner to some extent, are writers who consciously withhold immediate satisfaction. They are writers of books that require keys—Bibles and Korans, Mr. Russell would say—and, once we have the key, the pleasure of reading their works is that of puzzling out a conundrum. Their imagination communicates ingenuity, not power. *Finnegans Wake* is certainly, as Mr. Russell says, a huge anagram; and Joyce, who divided his own comments on this book and on *Ulysses* between the mystical and the cynical, has justified the definition. Even if we fall back on the symbolism of Freud or Jung, on our notions of primitive experience and the symbols of the inherited unconscious of the race where, sooner or later, everything seems to be equal to everything else, we are transposing the conundrum into more high-sounding terms, and punning on a poetic level. We are engaged in fortune-telling and are attempting to find value by technical trick. There has been a good deal of critical writing about Joyce which is really no more than an indoor game.

In Mr. Russell's judgment, Joyce is a grammarian who moved away from what he called "the mean writing" of *Dubliners* into obscurity because, for drastic reasons of personal pride, he came to believe that words lived for themselves in a world of their own and were not a means of communicating experience. He had isolated himself in the hatred which had been stamped upon him by his early years in Dublin and his works are harshly coloured by the contempt he felt for the people who had rejected him. One could go further than this and say that the revolution in which Joyce had had his share was one that—we now see—released the lower middle classes and that *Ulysses*, above all, is an attempt at their tragi-comic aggrandisement in literature. The "mean" figures of *Dubliners* now take on the heroic stature which the Celtic imagination dreams continually of, and became spectacular by having their most trivial thoughts and commonest feelings and sensations enlarged by a giant-creating microscope. That hatred was an impulse in Joyce is certain; the most genial, even the most humane side of him comes out, by an irony, in the very obsession with language.

The Blooms are human beings who move us little because of their own actions and the things that are done to them, and far more because their lives are woven into the comic or grotesque loom of words that run endlessly through their minds. These characters become more than life-size and mythological; and though in its moral aspect the book may be said, in Jung's word, to be "a void" one must point out to the philosopher that the idea of meaninglessness is one which is perfectly reputable among comic writers. If, as other critics have said, the book is an epic of defeat, the actual enlargement of the characters into the dimensions of giants in itself conveys to us that the individual imagination richly survives its own moral squalor. It asserts itself in the comic exercises of saturnalia, orgy and the abeyance of law and order. There is nothing, in the long custom of the comic tradition, to justify an objection to Mrs. Bloom being regarded as the grotesque Earth Mother, any more than we would make the same objection to the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, or to the Wife of Bath. The unsuitability of Mrs. Bloom does not lie, as Mr. Russell says it does, in her being a promiscuous, lower middle-class slut, but in the sentimental purple-patchiness with which her soliloquy ends. Purple is Joyce's weakness.

Mr. Russell's attack on Joyce is justified chiefly by the extravagant attribution of divinity to him by some of his prestige-hunting admirers. There is always a rush of the humourless and insensitive to the high priesthood of a cult, and in the Twenties and Thirties Kafka and Gertrude Stein had their Bethels, too. (Mr. Russell is very good on Gertrude Stein.) But he is not justified in assuming that Lycophron ought to have been Euripides, or that Joyce could not be quite satisfactorily, quite tediously, another Sterne. Egocentricity is not a crime; it is merely not classical.

Mr. Humphrey's researches into the technique of "the stream of consciousness" are head-thickening, but they go to the heart of the practice of obscurity in twentieth-century writing, without adding a lot of metaphysical or psychological luggage. He accepts the fact that the desire to put down what goes on in the mind before it becomes articulate was the result of Freud's investigations, and was made practical by the use of free association; and he traces the maturing of the technique, first of all in the catalogue novel of Dorothy Richardson, then in Virginia Woolf, Joyce and Faulkner. The difficulty was how to control the chaos of images, how to make them communicable to the reader and adhere to the writer's theme, for free association showed that one mind was impenetrable to another. Another difficulty which none of these writers, except Virginia Woolf, appears to have mastered was the avoidance of boredom to the reader. The "stream of consciousness," for a time, replaced the wordy boredom which long descriptions of scenery used to give to the Victorian novel, by a boredom equally hard to bear. It is the boredom of lists of things. The tedium of the psychoanalytical technique was relieved, in the end, as Mr. Humphrey says, by the cleverness and speed of means taken from

* *Three Studies in Twentieth Century Obscurity*. By Francis Russell. *Hand & Flower Press*. 9s. 6d.
† *Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel*. By Robert Humphrey. *Cambridge University Press*. 21s.

the cinema. Something had to be done to cut the preposterous flow. To do this, all writers have introduced clues, many of them symbols; repeated phrases—"the sweets of sin" is one example from *Ulysses*—are used as parts of a repeated pattern in a mosaic. The use and discovery of these repetitions has traditionally been one of the effective devices of literature; it can be seen in the comedies of Molière, in *Tristram Shandy*, in the motif of the *madeleine* in Proust and especially in those works where pattern replaces plot.

The tendency to conundrum is, therefore, for Mr. Humphrey, not a sign of belief in words for words' sake or of an isolation from the common interest of human beings in communication, but a result of the attempt to communicate what had hitherto been regarded as incommunicable. In any case, we have a common interest or pride in *not* communicating: "no two minds are alike." Within a very short time, the ordinary reader had no difficulty in following the new method, though he may not have grasped the meaning within meaning of some of the symbols employed. A good many of these have been invented by university critics to whom the difficult writers have been a godsend, for the universities are overcrowded with displaced technical workers. Mr. Humphrey makes a good point when he says that Faulkner, who came late to the technique of "the stream of consciousness," suffers least from its vices, at any rate in his early work; he did not welcome it as an escape from the necessity of creating situations and plots concerned with the major human preoccupations. As time has gone by, the anarchy of the stream has not seemed for novelists a special revelation about the human condition; it has simply made human personality approachable in another way and has become a means and not an end. Excessive artists like Joyce may destroy, evade or bore on a large scale because their means are an end, but they also build up something from within. If literature becomes oral again, as it may do, *Finnegans Wake* may seem less of an aberration.

V. S. PRITCHETT

PROBLEMS OF LANGUAGE

Old Man, Young Girl

Language is always dogma, said the sage,
Who had not heard
Your one derisive word
Topple the tower of my presumptuous age.

The ruins of dead languages reveal,
The poet said,
Always that love is dead.
He had not seen the life my shards conceal.

I cannot find in poet or in sage,
In them or you,
Anything now to do
Except to put delusion in a cage

Of other words, and hope again that rhyme
Will deaden grief.
—But can I cheat belief,
Who failed so obviously at cheating time?

T. H. JONES

Mau Mau

Defeating Mau Mau. By L. S. B. LEAKEY. *Methuen. 8s. 6d.*

According to the newspapers, the defeat of Mau Mau is now certain, if not immediate. On the other hand, a dapper young settler I met the other day, straight from Kenya, ominously remarked that the British difficulty was their ethical objection to the methods, once used by the Germans in Tanganyika. If we were not hampered by decency, he said, we should shoot so many Kikuyu that revolt would be forever impossible. Another experienced settler said bluntly that such mass shooting was unthinkable, but that the only alternative was the gradual withdrawal of the settlers from Kenya. The multi-racial State was a good idea, but not seriously workable.

Mr. Leakey writes on these problems with special authority. He has, for many years, been a member of the Kikuyu, speaks their language fluently, and understands their point of view. He holds that they have a real grievance about the land, even if they greatly exaggerate it; that missionaries have forfeited their influence by trying to treat European customs like monogamy as if they were part of Christianity; that African wages are disgracefully low, and that many young men, unable to find a living on the land, become detribalised gangsters, freed from traditional restraints and contemptuous of Western ethics; that there is grave over-population in the Reserves, where White man's rule has decreased infant mortality and destroyed the Kikuyu's traditional method of birth control. The result is intense land hunger, and an opportunity for ambitious and unscrupulous Kikuyu leaders to create what is, in effect, a religious fanaticism, which depends not only on terrorism and a debased form of the traditional Kikuyu oath, but also on an assurance of a return to their old gods when the White man has been driven out.

Mr. Leakey is, of course, right in saying that critics abroad are apt to emphasise exceptional instances of police brutality, without giving full weight to the practical difficulties of maintaining the rule of law and the principles of justice during the civil war. But he fails to realise that the critics are not merely horrified by these excesses or even by the toll of weekly executions; still less are they defending the atrocities of Mau Mau. The question they ask themselves is whether foreign rule, whatever its incidental advantages to Africans, can ever be justified if it is to be maintained at such a price. Even if Mau Mau is physically crushed now, can conditions be created which will reconcile Africans to European settlement?

Mr. Leakey recommends, as an answer to the propaganda of Mau Mau and as a basis for a more stable future, the speedy inauguration of many of those reforms which the more informed critics have long advocated. Land, he agrees, is the central problem, and he makes far-reaching suggestions for relieving pressure on the Reserves by urban housing, pension and other welfare schemes, and the abolition of the squatter system. He says it will be "necessary and desirable to set aside land, all over the European farming area, for small African villages." He urges—and how obvious this was to the mere visitor to Kenya when Mau Mau was in its early stages two years ago!—that the main economic and political changes should be inaugurated immediately; that the government should not wait for the collapse of Mau Mau before enacting them, but hasten that collapse by giving tangible proofs to hesitant Kikuyu that the reforms are really under way and will be fully carried out when violence ceases. All this is bravely, if belatedly, advocated. To carry out these proposals would be costly, but, as he says, infinitely less costly than another outbreak of Mau Mau.

If Mr. Leakey's programme were carried out there would be real hope in Kenya. The ultimate difficulty, however, is that the Africans regard Europeans as having come to their country to take away their land. European land settlement

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JONATHAN CAPE

is the devil of the piece; in West Africa, where Europeans are only experts, advisers and traders, racial relationship may be good. To the African, land is the one great reality; every African believes that the European ownership of land is robbery, and that any revolt to regain it is justified

KINGSLEY MARTIN

On the Waterfront

Brighton: Old Ocean's Bauble. By EDMUND W. GILBERT. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

The City and County of Bristol : a Study in Atlantic Civilisation. By BRYAN LITTLE. *Werner Laurie.* 25*s.*

The Story of Milford. By J. F. REES. *University of Wales.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"One would think that the English were ducks," wrote Horace Walpole in 1790, "they are for ever waddling to the waters." Historians have now taken over the fashion. These three books all have the tang of the sea about them—Professor Gilbert begins his study of Brighton by showing how the practice of sea-bathing (and sea-drinking) brought new life to the decayed town of Brighthelmstone; Mr. Little's liveliest chapters are about the golden age of Bristol when the thriving city looked westward across the ocean to America when Liverpool had scarcely been invented; and Professor Rees has written his account of the planned town of Milford only because a history of the Milford docks by themselves would have meant paying inadequate attention to the local historical setting. Together they provide a waterman's view of British history, a welcome contrast to descriptions of Manchester and Birmingham.

Brighton and Bristol provide success stories, but Milford, once described too ambitiously in 1603 as "the most famous port in Christendom," does not. "The best and most foolishly neglected harbour in Europe" was an appropriate 1944 comment. While Brighton has grown out of a fishing village, Milford has turned into one. The explanation lies not on the waterfront but in the hinterland. Brighton's sea-front is less than fifty miles due south of Charing Cross and is London's nearest point on the English Channel; with the arrival of the railway, the growing town could be accurately described as "London-by-the-Sea" or as "the lungs of the great capital." Milford, which once enjoyed a brief accidental visit by George IV when a storm blew him into its comfortable port, had nothing but its fine harbour to support it. Efforts by enterprising business men to link it with the industrial north and to convert it into "a formidable rival to Liverpool" were doomed to perpetual disappointment. Bristol, like Brighton, could depend upon the land as well as upon the ocean, and just because of its remoteness from London it could become a capital city on its own, proud, self-sufficient and rich in its local achievement. Apart from London, and possibly Coventry, it is the only English medieval city which has never been below the front rank of national importance. After a period of Victorian stagnation, it has succeeded in the twentieth century in annexing the air as well as the sea: the Bristol Aircraft Company and the war-time B.B.C. are tokens of a new expansive phase in the city's history.

The most successful of these three waterfront studies is that of Professor Gilbert, probably in the first instance because he is a geographer as well as a historian. His knowledge of central geographical relationships gives him a tremendous advantage in analytical power, and his book has framework and discipline as well as colour and vitality. Professor Rees, with less exciting material at his disposal, is scholarly but stilted, while Mr. Little, whose well-written narrative is the best history of Bristol yet to appear, is in places rather sketchy and superficial. He fits competently the pieces of his jigsaw puzzle together—Cabot and Chatterton, Bristol cream, Bristol bombers and the Bristol Old Vic—but there is inadequate sense of depth. Nor are there many surprises: *virtute et industria*, the motto on the city arms, sums up his achievement.

Brighton, of course, supplies its historians with a very different inspiration. As Richard Jefferies put it "no one can be altogether good in Brighton and that is the great charm of it." Professor Gilbert succeeds admirably in catching the subtle flavour of a city of contrasts, which once specialised in prostitutes and "pet parsons" and which succeeded triumphantly in the mid-nineteenth century in exchanging royal for popular patronage. By concentrating on little-known Victorian Brighton (and ultra-Victorian Hove) rather than on much-publicised Regency Brighton, he sacrifices none of the flavour and strengthens the historical perspectives. The way is prepared for the trunk murders of 1934 (anticipated also at Brighton, in 1831), *Brighton Rock* and *See How They Run*.

Professor Rees, by the nature of his task, has to be more modest, even though he can boldly choose as his motto a line from *Cymbeline*, "Take note that I am in Cambria at Milford Haven." It would be interesting to see what he would make of a source like G. A. Sala or even of Bristol's Hannah More.

ASA BRIGGS

Love and Fear

The Leaven of Love. By IZETTE DE FOREST. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Isaac and Oedipus. By ERICH WELLISCH. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

The value of these two books is that they make us stop and think about what we really mean by such terms as "neurosis," "mental health," "balanced personality," and so on. They are not great books and one has no pretentions to originality, but they have a simple directness easily lost in the welter of psychiatric and psycho-analytical technicalities. When our emotional development goes wrong, say both Mrs. de Forest and Dr. Wellisch, there is always an associated damage to our capacity for love. No matter what the individual's symptoms, whether mainly mental or mainly physical, he is, to the extent that he is neurotic, in disharmony with his fellows. One might even say, following the object-relations school of psycho-analysis, that when there is a breakdown in communications between the internal facets of the personality, then there is inevitably a dislocation of communications with other individuals. At the extreme end of the scale (though here many obscure constitutional factors may be at work) the schizophrenic's inner fragmentation is associated with his inaccessibility to ordinary human contacts. But even where the average person is concerned, the same principle may apply. Many of us, for example, are not "quite ourselves" for a couple of hours after waking up: we feel oddly disgruntled, we take offence easily, the most trivial request is victimisation, we are incapable of dealing reasonably and objectively with the morning world. Should the 8-10 a.m. condition continue throughout the week, our friends would question our normality, for the essence of neurosis is that we interpose between ourselves and our friends a lens coloured by our own inner state. We see them through this lens, and behave towards them more in accordance with our own needs, than with any objective perception of what may be right for them. We exploit them, valuing them primarily for the extent to which they can give us sympathy or flattery, for the degree to which they allow us to dominate or to be submissive to them; our affection depends upon this rather than upon any value we accord them in their own right.

Of course, no relationship is purely altruistic, but in general our human relations are reciprocal; neurosis means some breakdown in reciprocity. It does not imply a cold or unloving nature, which is characteristic of the psychopath rather than the neurotic, but a nature whose affectionate impulses have been blocked and diverted. Mrs. de Forest gives a straightforward and sympathetic account of the way in which Sándor Ferenczi, a great man and able psycho-analyst, freed and redirected these impulses. Ferenczi's work is well known and Mrs. de Forest's analysis is a competent integration of his method, but it is in her last chapter that she adds an original and deeply felt extension to his body of theory. "Redemption by love" was the phrase used by a patient to describe Ferenczi's treatment and Mrs. de Forest believes that, for complete health, we must observe the two great commandments of Christianity, to love God and to love our neighbour as ourselves. In this she enlarges the principle of establishing communications into that of establishing communion.

The late Dr. Wellisch writes, I imagine, from the standpoint of the orthodox Jew. As a psychiatrist he has been struck by the latent parent-child hostility which Freud typified as the Oedipus situation, and gives a number of terrible examples, ancient and modern, of the irrational violence of fathers and sons. But, he believes, the inevitable tension was not inevitably destructive, and he takes the Akedah—the drama of Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac—to show how it may become constructive. He complains that the devotion, for instance, of Freud to Greece and of Jung to Oriental religion, has denied to these great thinkers the suggestive mythological wealth of Judaic literature. Freud is left with Oedipus's implacable fate, but Wellisch can find a resolution of conflict in the angel's intervention. In the Akedah, love triumphed, and where love has been put under the pressure which is intrinsic to parent-child relations, it may be forged more firmly, just as ductile metals become harder and more elastic if subjected to stress. In Dr. Wellisch's psycho-analytic terms, Abraham was driven to perform the sacrifice by narcissism;

> But Abraham's love for the ego-ideal of his call (to kill his son) which contained an altruistic aim, also had another and far more important consequence. It amplified his object-love by decreasing his self-love. This tendency clashed with the first-mentioned tendency contributing to the agony of Abraham's moral masochism, but, in the last moment, gained complete victory.
>
> The amplification of Abraham's object-love was directed to Isaac in the first place but embraced all human beings and, because of the promise attached to the call, even future generations. It was a love which aimed at the happiness of all mankind in a purified and redeemed world. This mental attitude is *messianic love*. It became the most dynamic moral power of Judaism and Christianity with widespread cultural affects.

This is a wise and scholarly book, which should not be neglected because of the author's unfashionable contention "that studies in Biblical psychology provide a necessary requirement to the development of psychiatry." Both Judaism and Christianity have long taught what modern studies of behaviour are beginning to recognise, that perfect love casteth out fear—and that goes for anxiety states and phobias as well.

ADAM CURLE

I-Am-A-Camera

Private View. By JOCELYN BROOKE. *Barrie.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The self-consciously "arranged" autobiography, which is Mr. Jocelyn Brooke's chosen medium, is a literary form at least as old as *Tristram Shandy*. It is essentially a comic form and it depends for its effect upon a deliberate exploitation of sensibility. The trick is to provide a double image by observing the world through the eyes of a child and then filtering these observations through the sophisticated remembering mind of a highly adult "I." Thus Mr. Brooke begins the first of these studies:

> At the age of six I was, like most normally constituted children, a polymorphous pervert. True, the main stream of my libido was concentrated upon my nurse, but its tributary streamlets were apt to flow into some very queer channels;

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> I cherished, for example, at one time, a hopeless (and undeclared) passion for my brother's friend, Basil Medlicott—or, more accurately (since I had a marked tendency to fetishism), for his white flannel trousers. . . .

That is the single image which becomes double when it advances to deal with experience:

> By now, I had succeeded in adapting myself with moderate success, to the hectic and nerve-racking life of the Kindergarten. I continued to manufacture raffia mats and napkin-rings with a kind of neurotic intensity, dimly aware that this peculiar and apparently useless occupation formed a part of some important ritual, to whose true and central nature I had not the slightest clue.

In the distorting mirror of this double view, the adult world is seen as more and more richly and comically absurd. But there are two dangers in the method. The first (and this danger is common to all autobiographical forms) is that it uses directly, and so at what must be for the writer an alarming rate, the pile of childhood experience—that compost heap which the inventive writer uses only as a fertiliser. Then, secondly, as this begins to happen, it becomes necessary to force the tone, to exploit a little too blatantly the sophistication. The *voyeur* increasingly takes over from the experiencing child. Is it perhaps a consciousness of these dangers lurking nearby—or the second of them at least—that has impelled Mr. Brooke to shift his ground in two out of these four pieces?

Gerald Brockhurst, the most considerable of these—it runs to some ninety pages—starts not in childhood, but in late adolescence at the University. And this means that we lose entirely the main comic distorting focus. The "I" is now single; it observes instead of being observed. An undergraduate, introvert, lonely, highbrow, tells the story straight, the story of his tentative attempts at friendship with an opposite type, a hearty extrovert, whom he meets riding. The friendship runs repeatedly aground on the shoals of incompatibility, and is as repeatedly re-floated on the tide of another chance encounter, only to founder once again on fresh failures of understanding. The episodic nature of these encounters leads us far from the University (where there is a highly funny experiment with two barmaids in a cinema) down to the Home Counties (taking in a brilliant vignette of "The Major," "a tough Midland business man who had done well out of the war, but not well enough"), back to the demi-monde of London in the Twenties, and, finally, to a V.D. treatment unit in North Africa.

Mr. Brooke moves through them all, observant, aware, amused and amusing, but without that extra dimension which the diminished child view added to the other stories. This is, in fact, something like a reversion to the I-am-a-Camera angle—a camera with a hyper-sensitive lens. Mr. Brooke is very good at it, but since writers are not cameras, whatever they may tell you, what intrudes now is just exactly the problem of the "I." The specious objectivity of this method—wasn't it, looking back, the same with Isherwood?—necessitates the narrator's being reticent to the point almost of dishonesty. Wherever a real admission is demanded from him he retires into a smoke screen of "objectivity."

For this very reason I find the much shorter *Kurt Schlegel* more satisfactory. There the narrator is not involved personally. He observes his sad, wandering Jew not objectively, but with all the passion of his sensitivity, and this enables him to create him as an appallingly effective symbol of the outcast man.

T. C. Worsley

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Flashback to Silence

A Pictorial History of the Silent Screen. By Daniel Blum. *Hamish Hamilton.* 50s.

The Animated Film. By Roger Manvell. *Sylvan Press.* 21s.

"In America" might have been added to an already crowded title, since no European film or player comes under Mr. Blum's eye except such as enjoyed some American success. We hear of or glimpse *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* but not *Potemkin*, and Max Linder only intrudes as a flop with Hollywood. Hollywood Scrapbook or Fresco would have been nearer the mark.

As such this big book with the 3,000 photographs will amuse, enlighten, puzzle, and thrill the screen-struck of all ages. Mr. Blum has collected his pin-ups or stick-ins as others collect stamps: across almost every page there's a row of small faces rarer than old presidents. Many are unknown, unknowable but for their partial emergence here. Charles Ogle. Real name? 1913 finds him among the jowled heroes and wishful heroines; he looks up from a background of comedy, stands at the edge of Western; his white hairs in *Grumpy* decorate the page where the new faces are Betty Blythe and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. And that's all. Whether he even spoke—as so many of those here did not—we shall never know. Then it is fascinating to discover Flora Zabelle, a turbaned lady with a fur-tipped nightgown apparently making off with a football at a street corner, while a young and desperate John Barrymore peeps out of the dark; there's a Keystone look about the whole thing, but one can never be quite sure, and the title *The Red Widow* leaves us guessing.

Time is the great comedian. Theda Bara's vamp brings down the house; her Cleopatra is funnier than anything else in the volume, except perhaps George Walsh in *The Island of Desire*, though on the next page Valeska Suratt and Louise Glaum run her gorgeously close. I even remember Miss Glaum, whose name has always suggested that "glaumous" might describe a whole tract of comic femininity which flourishes as much today as ever. Among the things that wear badly, as hush-creators, are the epical past (and the further back the worse), bear skins, magnetic glares, hair partings down the middle, bathing costumes, the disinheriting snows, hair fuzzes, sex dreams, and the latest fashion of any kind; though it's only fair to remember that many of these pictures are not out of films, but posed.

Of course, not all, or anything like all, the photographs here have gone larky. Gish and Gish keep their wistfulness; the Pickford *poupée* doesn't change; Mae Marsh tearfully snatches us back; Fairbanks lands with a smile, and I suppose those who haven't seen Valentino in action may guess at that lost gigolo spell. The Garbo is given a huge frontispiece, leans awkwardly against the steamer rail, moons in John Gilbert's arms, but is really nothing till memory takes over.

Chaplin's little man dances through, from almost first to last, the one indestructible image that some post-atomic age may enshrine as a hieroglyph; and here also he is, for an instant, a lady flirtatious in furs, a cad with upturned moustaches. Here is the poet Keaton, as a General, and, less familiar, as Hamlet. In the great silence he is doubly silent. Langdon, hardly squeezing in, makes a fragmentary third of genius. And lesser ones, particularly in early days, shine from the print treacherous to others.

From a Keystone beach Miss Swanson sails off to her fabulous boulevard not yet sighted, dogs come and go, kids are made and marred, Gertie the Dinosaur leads off the cartoon gang (but where's Felix?), Mr. Goldfish changes his name to Goldwyn, and poor Arbuckle his to Will B. Good, but we hear no more.

What else? Mr. Blum holds back the "pithy comment" promised. *The Birth of a Nation* is described as "probably the world's greatest silent motion picture," an opinion immediately hedged with "if greatness is measured with fame." He is nothing if not uncritical. Had it been otherwise, we might have lost a good deal in entertainment.

The small if unlimited world of the cartoon is dealt with by Dr. Manvell, who observes that "the artist who decides to make an animated film is in an ideal situation *as an artist*, but *as a film-maker* he must face difficulties which few men have managed to survive." He sketches a brief history: Georges Méliès's sketches for *A Trip to the Moon* and *The Impossible Journey* hint at the imaginative possibilities. Live action half-killed them; but might not also the technicalities of cartoon production? The bulk of Dr. Manvell's text is concerned with the Halas and Batchelor version of *Animal Farm*. He shows us some of the rough sketches and finished pictures, the dope sheets, tension charts and work books, the functions of ten departments working at full tilt. The exposition will fascinate anyone who has been charmed by the spontaneity of, say, *A Unicorn in the Garden* or *Rooty-Toot-Toot*. And the result in this particular instance? I hope to report next week.

William Whitebait

A Novel and Two Entertainments

By Invitation Only. By Félicien Marceau. *Barker.* 9s. 6d.

Glorious Life. By Derek Barton. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

Tender is the Night. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

Let us take the two entertainments first. One is French, eldritch and mannered, the other is an English "quickie," satirical, light-hearted and gregarious. Admirers of the first are unlikely to enjoy the second, and *vice versa*.

I must admit that I am allergic to French whimsy. When a member of the cleverest nation upon earth gives himself up to being fey, coy and fantastical I am embarrassed, feeling that a literary *gaffe* has been committed. M. Marceau is a clever writer, he has wit and gaiety, he is adept at creating landscape, the gracious interior, the

leisurely mischief of high noon. But alas, he is a purveyor of whimsy. As a result he has turned what should have been an astringent and ironic fantasy into a thin and brittle *pièce rose*, an Anouilhesque storm in a teacup. His book only just saves itself through the grace of its style, which can be glimpsed through Mr. Anthony Rhodes's very elegant and readable translation.

The scene is a Renaissance *château*, some kilometres from Angoulême—the seat of the Chasseneuils, pillars of the Proustian establishment. Mlle de Chasseneuil, pious and impoverished, the last of a noble line, has turned her home into a guest-house to which the privileged are admitted by letters of reference only. There is the Comte de Crinot, "an elderly lion," a gallant old *roué* mystically in league with the Devil; Robilart, a titled Jacques Bonhomme with an appetising young wife; a tough little blonde named Mme Neuss; a retired diplomat from Caracas; and a ferocious Tartuffe of a bookkeeper, M. Gonard. They play bridge, recline on the terrace, feed the swans and the carp, lust gently after one another and talk, talk endlessly about Druids, the Pyramids, table-turning, black magic, and things that go bump in the night generally. There is the germ of a terrible Maupassant short story in M. Gonard's relations with the chatelaine. The fat, greasy old man imposes himself on Mlle; she gives him a power of attorney, he bullies the servants, eventually he moves in on her with his whole awful family. ("The little pink Louis XVI drawing-room had become a kind of barn where Gonard's mother laid out saucers of milk for the cat.") But one cruel joke does not make a novel. What this book needs is Jacques Tati to film it as M. Hulot's Month in the Country. Only that spindly genius could provide such a tenuous situation with a comic centre.

Mr. Barton brings us back to earth with an agreeable bump. The humours of Whitehall, the crassness of S.W. intellectuals, the whole shabby, underprivileged bag of upper-middle-class tricks—all this and more foams into his In-tray. He has written a very funny book indeed, a witty anatomy of that post-war make-and-mend world which stretches from East Sheen to Temple Bar, drinks Entre-deux-Mers, lives for its Continental holidays, and used to take in the *News Chronicle*. If one may offer criticism of a book that has made one laugh so much, it is that Mr. Barton often seems scarcely aware of just how ghastly some of his characters are. (This certainly goes for his hero.) But when it comes to the real dotties and stinkers, he never puts a foot wrong. Swindlehurst, the queer sadistic Principal, by no means the perfect gentleman, but not a perfect lady either; Miss Carnaby, the pretty swimmy Assistant Secretary with the looks of Ondine and the iron will of Elizabeth Tudor at Tilbury. There is Mr. Busseli, the fatuous beau ideal of a 1910 Civil Servant; Mr. Passion, ducal ghost-writer and blackmailer; and a wonderful outsize Mitropan named Mr. Liebeskind, who induces euphoria in the reader every time he makes an appearance. I enjoyed this book and recommend it to all who like satirical knockabout.

Finally, a real novel, the best fictional half-crown's worth that we are likely to get in the next twelve months. Penguin Books have not only reissued Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*, they have had the brilliant idea of putting it out in the revised version rearranged according to the writer's final instructions, given shortly before his death in 1940. They have also thrown in an excellent Preface and notes by Mr. Malcolm Cowley for good measure. The result is a contemporary classic that reads freshly and quite differently.

Fitzgerald thought this was his best book. Yet it is easy to see why at first it failed. Not only did the theme seem *passé* and uncommitted, but even the intelligent reader was baffled by not being at all sure what Fitzgerald was trying to do. As Mr. Cowley rightly says:

> One fault of the earlier version was its uncertainty of focus. We weren't quite sure in reading it whether the author had intended to write about a whole group of Americans on the Riviera—that is, to make the book a social study with a collective hero—or whether he had intended to write a psychological novel about the glory and decline of Richard Diver as a person. Simply by changing the order of the story and starting with Diver as a young doctor in Zurich, Fitzgerald answered our hesitation. We are certain in reading the final version that the novel is psychological, that it is about Dick Diver, and that its social meanings are obtained by extension or synecdoche. Dick is the part that stands for the whole. He stands for other Americans on the Riviera, he stands for all the smart men who played too close to the line, he even stands for the age that was ending with the Wall Street crash, but first he stands for himself.

The original version plunged us into Rosemary Hoyt's meeting with the Divers on the Riviera beach in 1925 and continued with the account of the evening party and the strange episode of what Violet McKisko saw in the Divers' bathroom. Then came the duel and the flashbacks to Dick Diver meeting Nicole in the Zürich clinic. "By rearranging the story in chronological order Fitzgerald tied it together. He sacrificed a brilliant beginning and all the element of mystery, but . . . he ended with a better constructed and more effective novel."

What a fine book this revised version makes. And what a joy to read a book by a great writer that has been rubbed and pummelled at for nine years until it has lost all its superfluous flesh, and narrative and characters are fused in one long continuous ripple of tension. Fitzgerald wrote with a Toledo blade (in this he resembles Stevenson). He uses words like a duellist, cutting and thrusting his way into the heart of his characters and situations until they stand sharply silhouetted on the luxury beaches of his imagination. That duel, for instance, how beautifully he manages it! The white-faced McKisko, the *arriviste* who has failed to arrive, telling Rosemary,

> "I'm primarily a literary man." He made a

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vague discouraged sound and shook his head helplessly. "I've made lots of mistakes in my life—many of them. But I've been one of the most prominent—in some ways . . ." He gave this up and puffed at a dead cigarette. . . . He sighed. "I don't see what it's all about," he said helplessly. "I don't see why I'm doing it."

It was the first thing he had ever done in his life. Actually he was one of those for whom the sensual world does not exist, and faced with a concrete facet he brought to it a vast surprise.

From Viola and Aguecheek onwards, the great duels in literature are always the comic ones. This one of Fitzgerald's can be compared only with that between Frédéric and Cisy in *L'Education Sentimentale*. That is the greatness of Fitzgerald. Not always, but certainly in this book and in *Gatsby* you can set him beside the great masters and he stands up.

JOHN RAYMOND

A Nest of Poets

Sir Philip Sidney and the English Renaissance. By JOHN BUXTON. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

It is strange that Sidney's dying act of generosity should so have eclipsed the achievements of his life in popular esteem. It was not the heroism of his death that struck his contemporaries. To them it was an unmitigated calamity that such a wonderfully gifted man, in the flower of his age, should have thrown away his life on a profitless battlefield.

> I saw him die, I saw him die as one
> Of the meane people,

cried Spenser, lamenting him as

> A mighty Prince, of most renowned race,
> Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
> And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace . . .

Mr. Buxton's book provides the gloss that the last two lines demand. He examines the reasons why Sidney was so highly esteemed, not only in England but wherever he travelled on the Continent; and particularly he examines the way in which he equipped himself to become a patron of the arts.

Mr. Buxton claims that Sidney and his sister Mary, the Countess of Pembroke, were the main agents in fostering the rebirth of English poetry in the last two decades of the sixteenth century. This they did by exercising patronage of the most enlightened kind. They did not content themselves with accepting dedications and recommending the work of their protégés to other connoisseurs, but they themselves wrote poetry. Moreover, they offered in their own homes a hospitable environment for the discussion of the arts and sciences. Aubrey particularly mentions the interest that the Countess of Pembroke took in chemistry (by which we should understand principally alchemy). She was, besides, an accomplished writer of verse, and "the greatest patronesse of witt and learning of any lady in her time." Her two sons—"that incomparable pair of brethren" to whom Shakespeare's First Folio was dedicated—kept up the tradition of generous and discriminating patronage at Wilton until the eve of the Civil War. Mr. Buxton's closing date is 1630, so he does not mention the commissions given by Philip, the younger brother, which enriched Wilton House with Inigo Jones's state apartments and the wonderful series of family portraits by Vandyck.

Even if these were included, however, we may ask whether the Sidneys and Herberts should be compared with the Medicis or the Montefeltros. Their civilising intention was similar, and it was not their fault if their singing birds, with the exception of Spenser, were men of minor talent. Sidney's life-long friend, Fulke Greville, had his moments of fine poetry, and Daniel's reputation is lower than it deserves to be. But when Mr. Buxton says that Lady Pembroke's house was staffed with poets, and instances, besides Daniel, who was tutor to her sons, the names of Hugh Sanford, Thomas Howell and Thomas Moffett, it is impossible to feel impressed—even when we are told that Dr. Moffett dedicated to the Countess "a curious and interesting poem on *The Silkwormes and their Flies*."

It is arguable that at its best the company at Wilton under the ægis of the lively Countess of Pembroke was not unworthy to be compared with the gatherings at Urbino presided over by Castiglione's beloved Duchess. In any event, Mr. Buxton's main contention is that the arts do not suddenly burst into flower, as they did at the end of Elizabeth's reign, unless the ground has been prepared with care and foresight. His claim that the Sidneys and Herberts, by taking a personal and highly intelligent interest in contemporary letters, played a specially important part in that process of preparation is convincingly argued. He wears his learning with grace, and has written a book that illuminates aspects of the English Renaissance which are commonly ignored.

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Dylan Thomas. By DEREK STANFORD. *Spearman* 15*s.*

Any book published on Thomas at this time is bound to be regarded with some suspicion. Mr. Stanford's, however, is a serious work of criticism, an honest attempt to come to terms with his subject. He is not at all an undiscriminating admirer: "I should say," he writes, "that about one-third of the Poems in his *Collected Poems* (which contains ninety-nine pieces) represents good or near-successful work." But his tone is always modest and his judgments tentative. His book needs to be read with the poems themselves at the reader's elbow—that is the index of its value.

Mr. Stanford believes that by the end of his life Thomas had perfected a style but exhausted his lyrical impulse, and that it was inevitable that he should have moved on to some prose form, probably the drama in one of its modes, as his main medium of expression. Mr. Stanford is not a particularly felicitous writer: his book shows some signs of hasty composition, and some of his references are not quite comprehensible—the parallel he seeks to make between Thomas and Gray seems especially far-fetched. The least satisfactory part of the book is the first chapter, "The Myth and the Man." Mr. Stanford had no close acquaintance with Thomas, and for his account of the mass he has depended upon the reminiscences of others, most of them showing the hagiological quality of the obituary notice. All the same, as an interim report on Thomas's work, his book has value.

France. By P. E. CHARVET. *Benn.* 21*s.*

"Numerous are those who have written about France. Heading the list of distinguished contributors to this inexhaustible and interesting subject stands Julius Cæsar, who, &c., &c. . . ." Mr. Charvet's opening sentences are quite the worst in the book; but they faithfully reveal a man who is not afraid of platitudes. Mr. Charvet writes as high tables talk: his remarks on national characteristics are precisely the banalities exchanged on return from the long vacation; his views upon history and politics are those of a student of language; his conception of evidence is such that he will prove French economic stability in the nineteenth century by a comparison of Balzac and Zola, or demonstrate that in England the policeman is universally regarded as a friend by a quotation from Lord Goddard. His introduction to the modern French scene, though neither original nor profound, will help anyone who wants to know a bit about the background to Mendès-France without tears (facing the rigours of Mrs. Pickles or Mr. Williams). Mr. Charvet discusses in turn the social structure, the constitution, and the political parties; he talks interestingly of administration, and a little patronisingly of justice; his chapters on the French Union and French foreign policy are rather thinner; that on economics is distinctly superficial. His conclusion is that the French have a genius for logical analysis.

Mr. Charvet is the sort of Francophil who does not absorb the qualities he admires; and his admiration of France is tempered by his insistence on comparing it with England. The novices might well have been given more facts and, above all, a bibliography with which to test Mr. Charvet's easy generalisations: instead the author shows his consideration for the reader by providing the French text of such translations as—"In Western Europe, France is ninth out of 14 countries for the consumption of artificial manure."

Problems of Analysis. By MAX BLACK. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

This book is a collection of essays by one of the best known American analytical philosophers. It should find many interested readers in this country: if only because in method Professor Black is far closer to the current English practice of analysis than to the more "formalistic" approach of most of his American contemporaries.

Professor Black, like Professor Ryle, is interested in "puzzles": most particularly in those where one side can invoke seemingly unanswerable logical argu-

ments and the other side the unshakable deliverances of common-sense. Of such the Paradoxes of Zeno are supreme examples: and Professor Black devotes four essays to a consideration of them. Quite apart from the interest of the various particular arguments they employ, these essays are stimulating because they lead back to the great primitive questions, Can Philosophy Challenge Common Sense? If so, what are its weapons? If not, what is its use?

A Merseyside Town in the Industrial Revolution: St. Helens 1750-1900. By T. C. BARKER and J. R. HARRIS. *Liverpool University Press.* 30*s.*

The rise of St. Helens is a classic example of the way unrestricted capitalism created so many of our ugliest industrial cities. No more than a hamlet when the coalfield was first worked commercially, it was a typical nineteenth-century New Town. The demand of Liverpool for coal led to the construction of the Sankey Navigation—the first English canal—which tied St. Helens from the outset to the Merseyside economy, and made possible the triangular trade with the Cheshire saltfield. Next came the establishment of coal-using industries, pioneered by John Mackay, who saw St. Helens as an admirable site for furnace-factories, such as glass and chemicals, on which the town has ever since depended. By this time, when rapid growth became economically possible, there was a supply of labour to hand in the persons of the starving Irish who, pouring into Liverpool by every boat, have given St. Helens much of its present character. The industrial dynasties, of which Pilkington's and Greenall's (glass and beer) are probably the best known, followed inevitably. So, too, did the social blight and poverty which have continued to harass St. Helens up to the present; they were the price paid in years of depression for the lack of balance in the town's economy. Since Dr. Barker and Dr. Harris close their survey at the beginning of the century, the unhappier years of the town's story are ignored by them. Both have an intimate personal connection with the area; they present its history in precise, if somewhat ponderous, detail, and their painstaking scholarship makes this volume a most useful addition to the growing number of local studies of this kind. It concentrates too much, perhaps, on captains of industry, and one feels that they have paid too little attention to social conditions, to working-class organisation and activities, and even to such phenomena as religion and freemasonry: they may have found that the sources were poorer in this respect. As they present the history of the town, the election of a Labour M.P. as early as 1906 and Labour's speedy capture of a majority on the Corporation remain almost unexplained.

My Dear America. By ALAN DENT. *Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Last year Mr. Alan Dent paid his first visit to the States as guest of the Government on the Smith-Mundt system, which enabled him to travel all over the country with no obligations. He seems to have set off slightly scared of the prospect. But he needn't have worried. It was a case of love at first sight. Or almost first sight. Securely enwrapped in his civilised cocoon—his pleasure in pictures, food and wine, music and reading—he peered out at the great raw, jangling continent and instantly fell in love with it. His introductions ensured that he was frequently entertained by the like-minded everywhere from New York to Dallas, and this sustained him through the bleaker bits.

This record of his journey is a tribute to the beloved. It is agreeable, gossipy, warm-hearted, but it does suffer from the blindness to faults which proverbially afflicts lovers. We get a little cloyed with the charmingness and adorableness and cosiness of all his contacts, with the pleasure he takes in liking everyone and everything. The form—a more or less day-by-day diary—precludes anything much in the way of general reflection or assessment. We put it down having learnt a good deal about Mr. Dent's cast of mind and mode of loving, but little about America.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,299

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for a passage of dialogue from a novel written in collaboration between any one of the three following couples: Ivy Compton-Burnett and Richmal Crompton; Elizabeth Bowen and Agatha Christie; Nancy Mitford and Daphne du Maurier. Limit 200 words. Entries by January 25.

Result of No. 1,296

Set by Benedict Nicolson

The usual prizes are offered for a review, in under 300 words, of a new edition of *1984*, appearing in *The Times* for January 1, 1984.

Report

Most competitors assumed that the situation in 1984 would be roughly that envisaged in *1984*. The difficulty then was to find a convincing explanation for the republication of so subversive a book. It was possible to represent O'Brien as the hero, leading the villain Winston back into the paths of truth—as one competitor, R. H. Woodcock, put it: "this story of a pilgrim's journey from the slavery of freedom, through the depths of thought and sex-crime and along the path of agony to escape from self to the love of Big Brother." But then this involved a certain amount of touching up by the Rewrite Squad. And in an orthodox Ingsoc review in *The Times* it was not easy to hint at these alterations and omissions. The problem stumped almost all competitors, and this probably accounts for the fact that a large majority avoided the issue, by various devices such as restricting the circulation of the book to the proles (as pornosec; but then it would not get reviewed in *The Times*), or fiddling

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about with the dates (a most ingenious device, this, which produced one prize-winning entry), or imagining a new mimeographed edition published clandestinely and reviewed in a mimeographed issue of *The Times*.

A first prize of three guineas goes to Eric Warman for an almost immaculate entry. Three further prizes of one guinea each are awarded to Colin Prestige, who does not have to consider the problem of accounting for republication; to Ongar for a dazzling tribute in Newspeak (but not entirely convincing: surely this sinister directive would be more likely to reach, on 2nd January, 1984, an official of the Ministry of Truth, for rapid consignment to the memory hole, than the offices of a respectable newspaper?); and to D. E. Harrison, who alone among competitors referred to emendations in the text without giving uncomfortable secrets away.

It is with special reverence that all loyal members of our free world will open their compulsory copies of this great work by Big Brother's grandfather, Big Genius Orwell. Our readers will remember last year's moving ceremony when the writer's body was removed to the Great Tomb, to lie alongside that of the Unknown Atom-Martyr, sharing its permanent guard of twelve Monster Children.

Rendered into Newspeak by Big Brother himself, this sacred book of prophecy, written in the Bad Old Times but with masterly foresight and revolutionary fervour, stuns the reader by its imaginative accuracy, far surpassing even the work of Honoured Artists of the Past Pablo Picasso and Charles Addams, in whose art has been found exact representations of many of the unusual types born since the Atom War.

Tomorrow has been dedicated to the reading of *1984*. All citizens, by special command of Big Brother, are granted a free holiday from their duties in order that they may spend the day at home with this book, which must be read in its entirety by 2200 hours. Your enjoyment (accompanied we do not doubt by visible expressions of fervent enthusiasm) will be watched by Big Brother with *the greatest possible interest*.

Next week, we proudly announce, Big Genius Orwell's *1984* will commence serialisation (a paragraph each day) in the columns of this newspaper.

ERIC WARMAN

George Orwell's *1984* has now been published in the Oxford series of "World's Classics." While the decision is timely, for the book had had an influence upon thought comparable to that once exercised by Hobbes's *Leviathan* or Bentham's *Government*, its datedness will undeniably limit its reading public. After thirty prosperous years of continuous Conservative rule, one may be forgiven for smiling at Orwell's pessimistic prophecies. When he wrote, Britain was still shackled by the Socialists, enduring a want of freedom not known since the Star Chamber and the Commonwealth; bureaucracy was everywhere rampant, taxation confiscatory, and Governmental expenditure profligate.

The narrative is principally valuable as a social document of Orwell's Britain: its satirical pages admirably mirror the thoughts and fears of that epoch. Men then dreamed of the abolition of poverty, but they could never envisage such social landmarks as the virtual eradication of the Labour Party, the repeal in 1963 of the notorious 1911 Parliament Act, the reduction of income tax to 3s. 6d. in the pound, or—most significantly—the bold appointment in 1972 of the second Duke of Chartwell as Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a defect of Orwell's lack of imagination that he could not see that the British people had the will to overcome the movement for false equality towards which their rulers were driving them. The incentive of power and greatness cannot long be shackled. *1984* awakened Britain to its dangers, and is commendable on that score. The detailed account of Orwell's nightmare "civilisation" has been so falsified by history that it does not call for comment. As we enter 1984, the lesson is that we need only arm ourselves against complacency.

COLIN PRESTIGE

Doubleplusungood georgesixian pro-novel unpub-published underground goldstein group now pub-published by order primestmin Minisec. Today 1 Jan. 1984 by miniproc a/z/3.11028 dated 31 Dec. 1987 and propnovel titled *1984*. Purports show Natolanslife in coming year. Absurdest travesty, viewed in light superplusgood elizabethanest era. All as in Nonnatolands. Trial without imprisonment suggests unpub valuesense. Unpub lovelongings praised. Imprisonment without trial unapproved indicates unmin thoughthabits. All in treblethink, unbalancing doublethink. Even singlethink encouraged in ignorance tautology, twist. Propnov *1984* astoundingly shows goldstein already active in georgesixyear, offers also laughable pretence may be no goldstein. Errortypical.

Read and reject. Miniverdict on *1984*: In prolespeak, "tosh talk."

ONGAR

George Orwell's *1984* has been out of print since 1954, when it was banned by the capitalists, following its presentation as a play on TV. It is easy to see why this was. Orwell's reforming zeal as one of the leading members of the Party is concealed here in fictional form. Winston Smith, engaged at the Ministry of Truth in correcting the gross misrepresentations of fact perpetrated by the capitalist Press, falls under their evil influence.

The book shows the concern of the State in leading him back to the path of truth.

The present revised edition omits (according to the editors) matter which does not need to be explained to present-day readers, and a so-called "love affair," which was demanded of authors in those degenerate days, but which Orwell grafted on for no other reason than to ensure the dissemination of his creed.

One message the book has for our times: that even in the days from which Orwell looked forward, the mass of the people saw the possibility of converting those inimical to the Regime. There is still hope for the war-mongering imperialists oversea.

D. E. HARRISON

CHESS

No. 276 The Battle of St. Leonards

In moving the Congress to the Sun Lounge at St. Leonards the organisers have earned the exclamation mark we chessplayers award every really good move. Yet, "Hastings" it will for ever be called, and glory be to F. A. Rhoden and his worthy colleagues for having made this Congress the greatest ever since 1895. To have attracted five veritable grandmasters is as proud an achievement as it is for C. H. O'D. Alexander to have held his own in such awe-inspiring company. In his game against Smyslov he hoped to improve the variation he picked in last year's Anglo-Soviet match with a new move or two suggested by his eminent opponent in their *post mortem*, or rather *post pacem* analysis; but alas, Smyslov was the first to turn deviationist by finding an improvement on (11) . . . P-KR3, as played by him last year.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(14)	B-K3	B-Q3
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(15)	Kt-Q4	P-B4
(3)	Kt-B3	Kt-B3	(16)	Kt-B5	B x Kt
(4)	P-Q4	P x P	(17)	B x B	R-K1
(5)	Kt x P	B-Kt5	(17)	QR-Q1	Q-B2
(6)	Kt x Kt	KtP x Kt	(19)	P-KKt3	R-K2
(7)	B-Q3	O-O	(20)	B-R3!	R-Q1
(8)	O-O	P-Q4	(21)	B-Kt2	B-K4!
(9)	P x P	P x P	(22)	R-Q3	P-Q5
(10)	B-KKt5	B-K3	(23)	P x P	P x P
(11)	Kt-K2	B-Kt5!	(24)	Q x Q	R x Q
(12)	P-QB3	B-K2	(25)	R(1)-Q1	R-Kt1!
(13)	Q-B2	P-KR3		Draw agreed	

In this cramped position Donner might have survived by (24) . . . P-B3, but he played B-Kt4, thus giving Unzicker the chance of forcing the issue very neatly.

(25)	R x P ch!	K x R	
(26)	B x B	K-Kt2	
(27)	P-B4!	P-R3	
(28)	Q-B3 ch	K-R2	
(29)	R-KB1 !	B x P	(30) B-B4 resigns

There is no resource against B x QP; and (29) . . . B-B1 would have been countered by (30) B-B1, with the unanswerable threat of B-Kt2. Paul Keres was presented with a bunch of flowers on his 39th birthday; he deserves another bunch for this pretty win against Szabo.

(1) P-QB4	Kt-KB3	(15) P x P	Q-Kt3
(2) Kt-KB3	P-KKt3	(16) P-QR4	P-QR3
(3) P-QKt3	B-Kt2	(17) P-R5	QRP x P
(4) B-Kt2	O-O	(18) KRP x P	RP x P
(5) P-Kt3	P-Q3	(19) K-Kt2	P-B3
(6) P-Q4	P-B4	(20) R-R1	K-Kt2
(7) B-Kt2	Kt-K5	(21) P x P	Q x P
(8) O-O	Kt-QB3	(22) Q-Q2	P-Kt4
(9) QKt-Q2	Kt x Kt	(23) Q-K3	Q-Q2
(10) Q x Kt	B-Kt5	(24) B-Kt4!	Q-B2
(11) P-Q5	B x B	(25) B-B5	K-B2
(12) Q x B	B x Kt	(26) R-R7 ch	K-K1
(13) B x B	Kt-R4	(27) QR-R1	Q-Kt2
(14) P-KR4	P-QKt4	(28) R-R8!	resigns

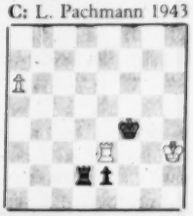
In the post mortem both players agreed that (13) . . Kt-K4 and (20) . . .P x P would have been better

A: L. Pachmann 1955

The 4-pointer is a game position in which Black played (1) . . .Kt-B5. White blundered by (2) R-K3. How was he forced to resign in a few moves? **B**—White to draw—is a very neat little study kindly presented to us by its author. Smyslov composed it when still a schoolboy and he never thought of publishing it. While this may be a bargain at 6 ladder-points, **C**—White to win—is none too easy for 7 points.

B: V. Smyslov 1936

C: L. Pachmann 1943



Usual prizes. Entries by Jan. 24.

REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

No. 272. Set December 18

A: (1) Kt-Kt6, R-QB2 (best); (2) P-R7, Kt-K2, (3) Kt-B4 ch!, K-K4, (4) Kt-Q3 ch, K-K5, (5) Kt-B2 ch, K-K6, (6) Kt-Q1 ch, K-K7, (7) Kt-B3 ch, K-K8, (8) Kt-B3 mate.
Not (4) Kt-B3 ch? or (5) Kt-B5 ch?, K-K6!, leading to draw.
if (5) . . . K-K4, (6) Kt-B3 ch, K-K3, (7) Kt-Kt5 ch, etc.
if (6) . . . K-K5, (7) Kt-QB3 ch, K-K4, (8) Kt-B3 ch, K-K3, (9) Kt-Q1 ch, K-K4, (10) R-K8!, R x P, (11) Kt-B6 ch.
B: (1) P-Q7, R-QKt4 ch, (2) K-R1!, KR-Q4, (3) R-QR6 ch, K-Kt5, (4) R-R8, R-R4 ch!, (5) R x R, R x R ch, (6) K-Kt2, R-Q4, (7) R-K4 ch, K any, (8) R-K5, etc.
(4) . . . R x P loses a R after (5) R-Kt1 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . R-Q4, (2) R-B5!, etc.
C: (1) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt2, (2) Kt x Kt (g6), Kt-B4 ch, (3) K-Q5, K x P, (4) B-B2, Kt-Kt2, (5) Kt-K5 (K7) ch, K-Kt2, (6) Kt-B6, K-B2, (7) B-R4, K-B1, (8) B-Kt5, etc.
if (4) . . . Kt-R3, (5) K-Q6, Kt-Kt5, (6) B-Kt1, K-Kt2, (7) Kt-K5, K-B1, (8) Kt-Q7 ch, K-Kt, (9) Kt-B5, K-Q1, (10) B-B5, K-K1, (11) Kt-K6, R-B2, (12) B-Kt1, K-B1, (13) Kt-B7, etc.
D: (1) R-R1, R x R, (2) R x B, ch K x R, (3) P queens, R x P ch, (4) K x R, R-KR8 ch, (5) K-Kt3, R-Kt8 ch, (6) K-B3, R x Q.
if (2) . . . K-B5, (3) R-B5 ch!, (since queening at once would lead to a mate in 2 by R x P ch, etc.).

Many stumped by one or the other of our first three prizewinners (particularly **A**). Only D. E. Cohen and C. Sandberg got them all and share the prizes.

No. 273. Set December 25

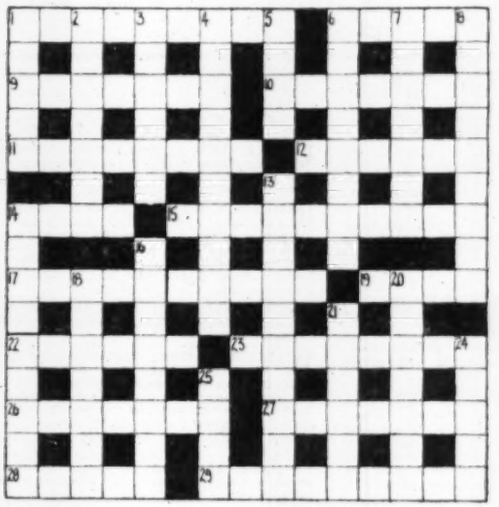
A: (1) Kt Kt6, R-QKt1, (2) K-R1, R x Kt
If (1) . . . R-QB1, (2) Kt x R.
B: (1) R-KB4, K x R, (2) R-Q4, P-Kt7, (3) R x P ch etc.
if (1) . . . K-K7, (2) Q x KP ch, K-B8 (Q8), (3) K-R1 (Kt1) ch.
C: White's last move was P(Q7) x B(B); instead he plays P-Q8(B), and Black must mate by B-Q2.
D: Neither the White QR nor the Black KR can have moved; whichever R is replaced there is mate on the move for either side.
E: (1) K-Kt6, K x P, (2) K-B5 ch, K-B4, (3) K-Kt4 ch, K-Q4, (4) K-R5 ch, Kt-B5 mate.
F: (1) K-Kt3, B-Q4, (2) P-K4! B x P, (3) K-B4, B-Q1, (4) K-K5, B-B6, (5) K-Q6, K-B2, (6) K-B5 etc.
if (5) . . . P-B4, (6) K-K7 etc.
G: (1) B-B3 ch, R-Kt7 ch, (2) K-Q1, P x P, (3) Kt-B2 ch! P x Kt, (4) K-B1, R-QKt4, (5) B-Q4, R-Kt5, (6) B-B3, R-Kt6, (7) B-K5, P-Kt4, (8) B-Q4, P-Kt5, (9) B-K5, R-QB6, (10) B x R, P x B.
if (7) . . . R-Kt4, (8) B-Q4! P-K4, (9) B-B3, P-K5, (10) B-Q4, P-K6, (11) B x R ch, R x B.
(6) B-K5? would be defeated by R-Kt6! (7) B-Q4, R-Kt4, (8) B-B3, P-K4! etc.

Not any easy bunch. Even so, a good many points were garnered and there were quite a few flawless solutions. Prizes shared by: C. H. Brown, J. Ernest, G. Dickson, T. J. Simmons, H. Zygalski

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 135

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 135, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 25.



ACROSS

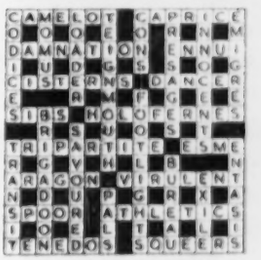
1. What are needed for prisoners? Water to start with (9).
6. A word which appears in successive dictionaries (5).
9. Land's end, by the sound of it (7).
10. "As they had seen me with these ———'s hands" (*Macbeth*) (7).
11. Put the animals back in the enclosure; they will not quite do as a sample (8).
12. One master for a tailor (6).
14. Celebrated period (4).
15. Aiming at dramatic effect with two articles and almost a third (10).
17. Relaxation of vigilance gives heavy bomber victory in air reverse (5, 5).
19. An agent comes in sight (4).
22. The opposite of the wise one would be a fool about everything (6).
23. Though dismal, put gaiety before almost everything (8).
26. Stoker's batman (7).
27. Puddings which do not necessarily have a bowl? (7).
28. It made one forget the past two articles (5).
29. Soldiers alter their range in groups (9).

DOWN

1. Removes from the board for fits of anger (5).
2. Woman enthusiastic for material (7).
3. Sneer, for instance (6).
4. Hire the fan to make the temperature change (10).
5. Long distance call for a place in London (4).
6. Those in the forefront put advantage over caution (8).
7. Popular writing (7).
8. Make the currency revive, but not in the outlying districts (9).
13. One who is past his best, but may still stupefy the defender? (10).
14. Part of the instrument which helps one to play piano? (4, 5).
16. It sounds as if we need Rex to bring an action for the city (8).
18. Trusting in later changes (7).
20. With money about there is someone to fill the cups in the liquor-shop (7).
21. Watch an article boil (6).
24. Leans over in the tilting-place (5).
25. He writes, but in French (4)

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 133



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 133

R. C. Corley (Birmingham), C. Gluckman (Jerusalem), Mrs. A. J. Naylor (Horncastle).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ISRAEL'S Art, Literature, Drama, Music, Press, Films, History & Economy are discussed by 36 leading Israeli and Anglo-Jewish writers contributing to the Winter Issue of The Jewish Quarterly (Editor: J. Sonntag). They include: Louis Golding, Prof. Bentwich, Dr. Diringer, Max Brod, Michael Fraenkel, Josef Herman, Robert Weltsch, E. Sosnow, H. Margalit and I. Jezierski. 2s. 6d. From: Jewish Literary Publications, 59-61 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1. (HOL. 2143.)

SOVIET Industry: Investments & Labour Productivity (Notkin); Welfare Work (Lapenkova); Notes & News. Social Sciences Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 1. From: S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.).

WHAT it feels like to be "Colour-barred" is authentically described by a Nigerian worker living in Yorkshire, in the January "Labour Monthly." 1s. 6d. all agents, postal subs. 9s. half-year from NS., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"ANALYSIS of the Kinsey Reports on Sexual Behaviour": Edited by Donald Porter Geddes (Frederick Muller, Ltd.). A perceptive, provocative review of what thoughtful men and women of authority have to say about the most talked-of book of the decade—Kinsey Reports. All bookshops, 10s. 6d.

THE Book Club for Serious Readers. Germaine's, 16 Lilliput Rd., Romford.

MODERN First Editions incig. scarce items by Orwell, Greene, Isherwood, etc. Also General Lit. Write Crome, Godalming.

FOR new and old books on Economics, Politics, Sociology, History, etc., consult Frank Cass (Books), Ltd., 91 Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. LAN. 6417. We buy Books. Lists issued.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription, also technical and scientific books. All British publications supplied. Sibley-Field Publishing Co., Ltd., 48 London Wall, London, E.C.2.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 58a, Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

WE buy libraries, specialised or general; Penguins, book clubs, review copies; collections socialist books and pamphlets. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess. Lists, A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Road, Tolworth, Surrey.

50,000 Fine Secondhand Books. All subjects. Let us know your wants. List 71, Scholarly Works on English Literature, History, etc., now ready. Stamp. Albion Bookshop, Broadstairs, Kent.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

HOTEL. Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters Restnt., White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

FROM 45s. sgle., large dble. newly furn. Service Rooms. H.c., elec. bath. Fine residential house. Easy City. TUD. 6713.

HAMPSTEAD. Furn. sgle./dble. bed-sit. perm./temp. ckg. facs. HAM. 4585.

END your search by ringing PRI. 5602 for double room 3gns., also single.

LARGE, sunny, luxurious divan-lounge, ckg. facs., c.h.w., in barrister's quiet flat. 3 mins. Highgate Tube. 55s. Box 3651.

BLACKHEATH: Pleasant, comfortable bed-sitting room for young lady. Fully furnished. Kitchen. 40s. Also smaller room 30s. References. 'Phone GRE. 0958.

N.W.3. Attr. rm. for yng. lady. Cent. htg., const. h.w., use kit., tel. Box 3648.

FURN. s/c. flat, gr. flr., 2 rooms, kit. & bath. Telephone. Newly decorated & furn. contemporary style. S.W. London. 4gns. p.w. BAL. 9427 evenings.

SOUTHGATE, comf. bed-sit. in modern hse., built-in panel-fire, cooking facils., use bath, tel.; linen, blankets provided. £2 per week. PAL. 7168.

S/C. furn. flat 3 rms., k. & b., to let 3 mths. fr. end Jan. N.W.6. Box 3679.

W.9. Bright furn. room 32s. 6d. to let to bus. girl, every convenience. Box 3405.

LARGE Studio and room to let, Central. Box 3494.

HAMPSTEAD. Large double bed-sit., completely equipped, built-in kitchenette, elec. heating, gas cooking. No colour prejudice. 52s. 6d. p.w. HOL. 6237.

ACCOM. offered to business woman by another with s.c. flat Highgate. Box 3627.

TO let in private house Brook Green, W.6, single furn. divan room, H. & C., gas-fire & ring, tel., gdn. 35s. Box 3539.

LARGE rm. Earls Crt. newly dec. flat, ckg., lin., cleaning. £2 10s. FRE. 4097.

QUIET attractive furnished room to let Stamford Hill. STA. 5085.

LADY Stud. offd. B/S., brd. & pkt. money, live in w. yng. family. Light duties & free time for study. Opp. Tube. EDG. 2976.

BACH. offers anor. fur. rm. flat Lancaster Gate. Use ph., din.-kit. Reas. Box 3508.

STREATHAM Hill. Pleasant single divan bed-sit., c.h., c.h.w., own ckg. facil., reasonable. 3 Telford Avenue Mansions, Telford Avenue, S.W.2.

CORNWALL. Lamorna Cove. 2 caravans only, on beautiful secluded sites, fully equipped, Calor gas light, heat, ckg., int. sprung mattresses. 2-berth 4-4½gns., 4-berth 5-8. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CORNWALL, Widemouth Bay (bus Bude 3 miles), nicely furnished bungalow to let till May 27. Rent till end of March £2 2s.-£3 3s., April £4 4s., May £5 5s. Faces sea (500 yds.). Sitting-rm., Loggia dining-rm., 2 double, 2 single bedrms. Elec. cooker, immersion heater, Hoover, wireless. Rayburn stove, garage, nursery furniture, telephone. Linen if reqd. Apply Rimes, Lewdown, Okehampton, Devon.

HALF or third share offered in Irish cottage (with bathroom!). Beautiful country, post town Killarney. Box 3709.

PAINTER needs studio or a large light room in the London area. Box 3300.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

PLEASANT African student requires cheerful and reasonable accom. Flatlet, service room or room in private house. Central London pref. Rent paid promptly. HOL. 0618.

PROFESSIONAL woman seeks somewhere to live where she can cook and have some independence. Within travelling distance Mayfair. Share flat/bedsitter with use kit. All replies answered. Box 3665.

PROF. woman expecting baby July reqs. accom. quiet district. Box 3579.

COLOURED lady (teacher) seeks furnished flat, 1st/ground floor, £4-£5; share one, Tufnell Park, Finchley, Highgate or Muswell Hill. Box 3589.

UNFURN. s/c flat wanted London area. Young couple, no children. Prepared purchase reasonable £ & £. Tel. day, Mr. Lee, MON. 3055, or after 6, SEVen Kings 8492.

FURN. cottage or bungalow reqd. S. or W. Coast any fortnight August, sleep 4. Stewart, Charlecote Drive, Wollaton, Nottm.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club has opened new premises (newly equipped and decorated) at 83 Chiltern St., W.1. Lectures, conferences, receptions, dances, etc. Annual subscription 10s. Write for details to Secretary at above address.

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO 9595.

BUSINESS offers pleasant prospects when you're going home to a meal with Ravner's Indian Mango Chutney.

CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern, Worcs. Est. 1898.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Piertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

ENVELOPES, 1,000 6×3½, White 16s.; rubber stamps, office stationery. Watson, 7, Newton Ave., London, N.10.

CARPETS repaired, adapted, cleaned, expertly, promptly. 235a Junction Rd., London, N.19. ARCHway 5765.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3042.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 5 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

STOP that cold meal from becoming unappetizing by adding a little Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

FIRST-class Duplicg./Typing serv. Dictation, Theses, MSS, Plays. Confidential. Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

MABEL Eyles Duplicating Serv. (est. 1935), 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

TYPING. MSS and Theses intelligently typed. Obscure handwriting deciphered. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

MRS. Archer for MSS, Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5240.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

EXPERIENCED typist, own machine, requires work at home. Box 3448.

MILDRED Furst. 7 years' experience. Theses, scientific and "difficult" work a speciality. Typing and Duplicating executed personally or "expressed" by arrangement. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand-typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Dictating machine hire service. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. Translating from/into all European languages. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1967/8/9.

SHORTHAND/Typing or Typing dictation. Evenings or week ends. Own machine. Telephone CUNningham 0197.

INTELLIGENT Shorthand-typing by the hour. Evenings, weekends. Own machine. FLA. 4225 after 7 p.m.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 11 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

TRANSLATION Bureau. O. J. A. Russell, 540 Commercial Rd., E.1. STE. 1948.

VERS d'Occasion, typing, interpreting, precis-writing, translations from English, French, German, and into English or German. PRI. 1418 or Box 3506.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

GIRTON College, Cambridge. The Council propose to appoint a resident Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in German, to hold office from October 1, 1955. Election into a Fellowship may be made on appointment or subsequently. The pensionable emoluments will be related to category of hours of instruction, to seniority, and to whether an office in the University is also held. Applications are invited as soon as possible and not later than Feb. 12, 1955, addressed to College Sec., from whom further partics. may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. New County Secondary School at Putney Park Lane, S.W.15. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new comprehensive secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls with 13 form entry, opening in September, 1956, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning in September, 1955. It is expected that two existing secondary schools, one for boys and one for girls, providing five-year courses, will be transferred to the new school. Courses will include some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels), and some in preparation for advanced courses in needlecraft, catering and commerce; there will also be general crafts and engineering courses. There will be a deputy headmaster or headmistress with a substantial special allowance and adequate provision for other special allowance posts. The headmaster or headmistress will have the assistance of a full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. On the basis of the provision in the 1954 Burnham Report, the head teacher allowance will be approximately £960 (headmaster) or £845 (headmistress), making the maximum total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances, about £1,850 (headmaster) or £1,575 (headmistress). Apply on form EO/TS 10/Putney Park, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/TS 10), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (Persons who have recently completed a similar form may apply on form EO/TS 10B). Closing date January 28, 1955. (15.)

THE Shaw Classifying School for Girls (Home Office Approved School), Appleton, Cheshire. Applications are invited for the post of Headmistress, preferably from graduates with qualifications in teaching, social science or psychology, and experience with adolescent girls. The School admits girls between the ages of 14 and 17, committed for approved school training (as delinquents or in need of care or protection, etc.) by courts in the northern half of England and Wales. The girl remains at the Shaw for a period of 7-10 weeks during which her needs are assessed by means of observation and psychological testing. At the end of that period a comprehensive report is prepared and she is transferred to the school most able to satisfy those needs. There is accommodation for 40 girls. Resident staff includes a psychologist, nurse, teachers, housemistresses and instructors, and there is a visiting psychiatrist. Applicants must be capable of correlating the work of these specialists and of participating in the assessment herself. Salary scale £860 × 15 to £1,040 per annum with the addition of graduate and training allowances. Commencing point according to previous service. Full residential emoluments provided at a charge of £150 per annum. Post superannuable under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts. Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. Completed forms of application must be submitted not later than February 22, 1955. Leslie Richardson, Correspondent, "Croham Hurst," Greenway, Appleton, Warrington.

THE Workers' Educational Association: South Wales District. Applications are invited for the post of Organising Tutor in connection with the pilot scheme for intensive development of trade union education in the Port Talbot area. Salary scale £550 by £25 to £800 a year. Forms of application with conditions of appointment and details of the pilot scheme may be obtained from the District Secretary, W.E.A., 52 Charles Street, Cardiff.

CITY of Sheffield Children's Department. Deputy Superintendent (Resident), Boys' Remand Home. accommodation 18. (No accommodation for applicant's family.) Applications are invited for this post from men with suitable qualifications and experience. Salary according to N.J.C. Scale £550 × £20—£650, less £mols. £108. Applications, enclosing testimonials, and stating age, education, qualifications, present and past appointment(s), and names of two referees, to the Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield 1, not later than January 27, 1955.

FEATHERS Clubs Association. Youth Club leaders, experienced and enterprising, required for two clubs in West London. Each club has two leaders and own premises. For particulars of salary and pension scheme apply with details of experience and qualifications to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. The Delegates invite applications for admission to an examination for one or more Open Exhibitions of £50 to £100 a year which may be awarded to persons who wish to train for social work or administration at Oxford. Both men and women may apply; applicants who have not taken or who are not preparing for a University degree must be at least 23 years of age. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Oxford University Delegacy for Social Training, 35 Beaumont St., Oxford, and should be returned to him, completed, not later than Saturday, February 5, 1955.

BBC requires Science Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Department. Science degree and some knowledge of biology essential. Varied experience of teaching and wide general culture desirable. Salary £870 rising by five annual increments to £1,175, or if candidate's qualifications are exceptional £1,085 rising by five annual increments to £1,465 maximum. Requests for application forms, further details and information on superannuation position of teachers serving the B.B.C. (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "645 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

BURFORD House, Putney. A Warden is required for this Approved Probation Hostel for 24 girls ages 15 and under 18. A sense of vocation and a good general education and experience of difficult girls is essential. Salary £430 × £15—£490. Local Government Superannuation Scheme. Repayment of £108 p.a. for full board and an attractive furnished flat. Applications with names of three referees to General Secretary, London Police Court Mission, 2 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Worker (basic grade) required at Brixton Child Guidance Unit, Brixton Water Lane, S.W.2. Salary scale £470 (at age 27) × £15—£560 plus London weighting. Particulars and application form, returnable by 31.1.55, from Medical Officer of Health (D.1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1. (2).

APPLICATIONS invited for post of Assistant Warden at rehabilitation centre near London for temperamentally unstable men run by a voluntary organisation. Commencing salary £4 per week, live in, all found. Applications, giving experience of welfare work, to The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, York, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

WITHYMEAD Centre for Remedial Education needs an addition to the house staff of six for the domestic work of one house and stop gap for cook. Someone interested in the Centre's work as a whole preferred. Mother and child welcomed. Write giving particulars. Withymead Centre, Countess Wear, Exeter.

A VACANCY exists in the Press & Publicity Department of the Labour Party for a journalist assistant. Membership of the Labour Party is essential. Application form, to be returned not later than Monday, January 31, 1955, obtainable from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

PROFESSIONAL organisation in University city requires women for responsible work, partly intellectual and partly administrative-clerical. Some academic training and a genuine interest in current affairs, together with sound personal judgment and congenial temperament are qualities sought. Five-day week. Salary above Burnham scale. Sickness and pension schemes, etc. Apply Box 3561.

ASSISTANT to Editor of well-known educational journal required. Female, editorial routine, proof-reading, checking, etc., University degree and teaching experience if possible. Salary accordingly. Applications by January 28 to Box 3669.

ANIMAL Protection Society requires educated, intelligent young man or woman able to write and lecture. Preference for university graduate and ability to drive car. Starting salary £500 p.a. Box 3493.

BRITISH Actors' Equity Association requires capable telephonist/receptionist for PBX switchboard. Good salary and conditions in accordance with C.A.W.U. agreement. Applications in writing only to General Secretary, 8 Harley St., London, W.1.

ST. LEONARD'S Hospital, Nuttall St., London, N.1. Clerk required, with shorthand-typing, for Almoner's Office. Interesting introduction to social work. Applications with names of two refs. to Hospital Secretary.

REFORM Feminist organisation sks. part-time secretary, sh./typg. Box 3609.

PART-time but responsible post as woman secretary offered by children's holiday organisation London. Apply Box 3566.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

EXPERIENCED German/English shorthand-typist wanted by Jewish organisation, 5-day week. Box 3639

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COMPETENT Secretary, shorthand-typist, required at small boarding school for difficult children. £180/£200 p.a. plus board, lodging and laundry. Six weeks' holiday. Voluntary Superannuation Scheme. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford, giving names of two referees.

EXPERIENCED Secretary required by small City timber agents. French/German an advantage, perfect knowledge of English essential. Good salary for expd. hard-working conscientious person. Box 3664.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand-Typists wanted for temporary work 10-5. No Sats. Duttons Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

BURNETTS have available daily hundreds of interesting and highly-paid vacancies for expd. Secretarial, Office, Domestic and other staff. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

SIX young characters in search of a housekeeper: attractive view of the more interesting back yards of Liverpool plus usual emoluments. Box 3645.

EDUCATED Housekeeper, able to cook, for widow mucir occupied with public work. Box 3543.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ANYTHING except assassination! Young man completed Nat. Serv., progressive views, Economics, Spanish, reqs. post where intellectual, aesthetic views count for something, in contrast present soul-destroying job. Go anywhere. Any suggestions? Box 3526.

EX-OFFICER, 59, M.A. Cantab., bi-ling., expert French tutor, Army interpreter, back from abroad, sks. post. Box 3522.

MAN 31 and wife 21, liberal ed., fond children, animals, country & work, sk. job and help with accommodation. Box 3559.

COMPANY Secretary/Accountant, excel. educ., lngs., wide exp. & interests, sks. congenial post with prospects. Box 3388.

YOUNG man (student) reqs. part/full-time job. Anything considered. Box 3658.

TEMP. employmt. till end Apr. rqd. man 37, leave from Tanganyika. Box 3574.

EXPERIENCED Secretary reqs. progressive position. Shorthand 160 w.p.m., typing 70. Inter. R.S.A. Book-kpg. Box 3554.

SHORTHAND/Typist requires work at home. Own machine. Tel. PER. 0347.

CAP. woman secretary (35) reqs. post 9.30-5, Mon.-Fri., where good knowledge French/German can be used & improved. Pref. S. Kensington/Chelsea. Box 3613.

CAPABLE educated experienced young lady, all round cultural interests, seeks full-time remunerative secretarial post, shorthand-typing. Box 3626.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships, for full-time research or advanced study. In any subject: (a) Postgraduate Studentships (£300 for one year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship (£300 p.a. for one or two years); (c) Arthur Jubber Studentship (£300 for one year); (d) Postgraduate Travelling Studentships (value according to need—for one year). In any subject in Faculty of Science: (e) William Gilles Research Fellowship (£300 for one year); In English: (f) Mary Ann Britt Studentship (£100* for one year); For Literary Studies: (g) Frida Mond Studentship (£130* p.a. for two years). *The Ministry of Education may supplement at their normal rates. Applicants for (a), (b), (c), (e) and (f) must be Graduates of not more than three years' standing; for (d) they must be under the age of 28, and for (g) they must be Internal Arts Graduates of preferably not more than two years' standing. Forms and further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, London, W.C.1, to whom completed applications should be returned by March 1, 1955.

COMPETITIONS

CONCOURS Marguerite Long-Jacques Thibaud. An international Competition for high grade violin and piano players will be held in Paris between June 15 and 27, 1955. Details from French Cultural Counsellor's Office, 22 Wilton Crescent, S.W.1.

WHERE TO STAY

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 3s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

BLENHEIM Farm, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Comfortable accom. and good food. 5½gns. wk. Easy train journey from Charing X. Riding stables. Coarse fishing. Tel. 148.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 88

CENTRAL Training Council in Child Care. University Courses in Child Care. Courses of training lasting twelve months for work in boarding out, adoption, and the supervision of children in the care of local authorities and voluntary organisations, are held annually at Birmingham and Liverpool Universities and the London School of Economics, leading to the award of the Council's Certificate in Child Care. Applications for the courses which start in October, 1955, are invited from men and women aged 21 to 45, and should reach The Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office (25J), Horseferry House, Thorney Street, S.W.1, by March 1, 1955. Applicants should be graduates with suitable experience, or have a social science, teaching, or health visiting qualification. Those who apply early are more likely to be recommended for vacancies in the University of their choice. Grants are available where need is shown. Further details are obtainable from the Secretary.

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THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Last 2 days: "The Prince & the Pauper" (Sat., Jan. 15, 2.15 & 8.30). Com. Monday, Jan. 17, "King Richard II," Shakespeare. Mon.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5, 8. The Rules of the Game. Mems.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). "Reedy River." Frs. & Sats. 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

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EVERYMAN Ham. 1525. Cocteau Season. Until Jan. 16: "Orpheus" (A). From Jan. 17: "L'Eternel Retour" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Jan. 15. Donald O'Connor, Debbie Reynolds in "I Love Melvyn" (U). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Jan. 16, 7.30. "Manon des Sources" (X) France.

FILM Premiere of Italian and Spanish masterpieces (English sub-titles): De Sica's "Umberto D" and "Welcome Mr. Marshall," winner of 3 awards Cannes Film Festival. Curzon Cinema, Curzon St., W.1, Thurs., Jan. 20, 8 p.m. In aid of Israel Institute of Technology. Tickets 2gns., 30s., 1gn., 15s., from Technion Hse., 39/41 James St., W.1. HUNter 0356/7.

ASIAN Film Society presents "Gates of Hell," Grand Prix winner, Cannes Festival 1954. First colour film from Japan, English sub-titles, and "Jogan" Indian social film starring famous Nargis and Dilip Kumar. Wed., Feb. 2, 7 p.m. at Scala Theatre. Tickets in advance. For particulars apply A.F.S., 11 Greek Street, W.1. GER. 0073, office hours weekdays 5.30 to 7.30 p.m.

ASIAN Film Society presents "Aarzoo," an Indian social feature film on Sunday, January 23, at 6.30 p.m., at Scala Theatre. Tickets in advance, apply A.F.S., 11 Greek St., W.1. (GER. 0073.) Office hours weekdays 5.30-7.30 p.m.

GOLDERS Green, Refectory Ballroom (opposite Tube Stn.), this Saturday, Jan. 15—Grand Dance 7.30-11.30. Lic'd. Jack Amlot & B.B.C. Band. London's cosmopolitan, cosy rendezvous. Adm. 5s. Dancing on Sundays (ad. 3s. before 8 p.m., 4s. after).

I.C.A.: Dancing to Sidney Gold & his Orchestra. Sat., Jan. 15, 8-11, Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17, Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., Guests 5s. Membership invited.

DON'T forget your Resolution to attend all Central London Fabian Society Dances this year. Start on Sat., Jan. 15, at 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 7.30-11.30. Adm. only 3s.

CONCERTS

GOLDSBROUGH Orchestra. Conducted by Edward Lockspeiser. Arda Mandikian, Soprano. Wigmore Hall, Friday, January 21, at 7.30. Sixième Concert en Sextuor (Rameau); Les Illuminations (Britten); Sinfonietta for String Orchestra, Op. 52 (Roussel); Nocturne (Faure); Serenade for String Orchestra, Op. 48 (Tchaikovsky). Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1. (WEL. 8418.)

FRICKER Nocturne & Scherzo, Berkeley Sonatina, for piano duet, to be first performed by Liza Fuchsova and Paul Hamburger at Wigmore Hall, Fri. next, 7.30. Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Dvorak, Moszkowski. Mtg. N. Choveaux.

BEETHOVEN'S String Quartets, Op. 95, 132, 133 (Grosse Fuge), played by the Wang Quartet at Wigmore Hall, Sunday next, Jan. 16, at 3. Mtg. N. Choveaux.

ST. Cecilia's House, 7 Carlos Place, Tuesday, Jan. 18, 5.30 p.m. John Davies (Clarinet), Iain Hamilton (Piano). Hamilton: Hindemith: Rainier.

TAYLOR Recorder Consort. Music for Recorders and Virginals by Bach, Byrd, Taverner, Schultz, Bartok, Warlock, Wischer. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, this Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

MARY Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Wed., January 26, 8 p.m. Alfred Deller, G. English, N. Platt, Choir, Orchestra. Cond. W. Bergmann. Works by Blow, Purcell, Telemann, etc.

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EXHIBITIONS

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. Two first One-man Exhibitions. Anthony Fry, Jake Nicholson. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

"THE Artist's View of an Industry"—an Exhibition of recent drawings and paintings by European artists. R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St., W.1. Jan. 13-22, weekdays 10-5; Sats. 10-1. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Rd., Kensington, W.14. Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by A. D. Peppercorn, 1847-1924. Jan. 10-31. Weekdays 11 a.m.-7 p.m. (Sats. to 5 p.m.). Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With," Granada, Harrow, until Jan. 23. Admission free.

HUNGARIAN Books & Handicrafts, former for sale after Exhibition. Beautiful art productions, classics & scientific works. Lectures by MacColl & A. L. Lloyd (see Press for dates), Collet's New Book Gallery, 44/45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open daily 11-6, excl. Suns., Jan. 4 to 31. Adm. free.

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Show Window of Italian Contemporary Art: 2nd Exhibition. 9 painters. Dec. 30-Jan. 29. Mon-Fri. 10-1, 2.30-7; Sat. 10-1. Admission free.

ARTS Council Collection. A selection of paintings, drawings and sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Feb. 5, weekdays 10-6 (Weds., 10-8). Admission free.

G. F. WATTS. Arts Council Exhibition. Closes Jan. 16. Weekdays 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Admission free.

PARSONS Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Nine Young Painters Exhibition, Jan. 10-28. Presented by Robert Henriques, Roger Senhouse, Basil Wright, David Cleghorn Thomson. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., except Saturday.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Eight Young British Painters.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Richard Hamilton, Paintings. Till Feb. 4.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. A Selection of Modern Drawings and Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Until January 20.

YOUNG Contemporaries, Exhib. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Jan. 19-Feb. 5.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. "Nine Abstract Artists" and Recent Watercolours by Elsa Vaudrey. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Jan. 29.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Contemporary British Artists. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., W.C.2. Jan. 9-Feb. 6. Keith Simon.

GEORGE Morland. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings, Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 30. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8) Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

DUTCH Graphic Art. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Closes Jan. 15. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Peter King, sculpture. 11-5.30 dly.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restoration and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

DAVID Jones. Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Open till Jan. 30. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Fernand Léger Retrospective Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture, Drawings & Engravings by Geoffrey Clarke; Collages by Austin Cooper.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Francis Bacon—A selection of paintings. From Jan. 20. Mon.-Fri., 10.30-6, Sat. until 5. Closed Sun. Adm. 1s. Mems. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Rd., N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth; The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

M. L. BURNET: "The Hydrogen Bomb and the Future of War." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., January 16, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Business and Professional Forum. A discussion on "Israel and the Middle East—Peace or War?" Major E. A. H. Legge-Bourke, M.P., Mr. Sydney Silverman, M.P., Thurs., Jan. 20, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1, 7.45. Visitors 3s. 6d.

FLEET St. discusses China—What Is It Really Like? James Cameron (News Chronicle) & Sam Russell (Daily Worker). Basil Davidson (Daily Herald): Chairman, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Mon., Jan. 24, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. from Brit.-China F'ship. Assn., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1, and at door.

BRAINS Trust. Sir R. Boothby, M.P., Alfred Robens, M.P., H. S. Maclay, M.P., and Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P., comprise the panel and will answer questions on "Britain and the Nine Power Conference." Caxton Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m., Jan. 25. Admission Free. For tickets apply to:—U.K. Council of the European Movement, 99a Park Lane, London, W.1.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Jan. 16: D. G. MacRae, M.A., "Religion as a Sociological Concept." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 18, H. J. Blackham, B.A., "Either—or; the False Dilemma and the Necessary Choice." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Jan. 14, Frank A. Wilby, "Education in America." Friday, Jan. 21, John Platts-Mills, "Has Russia Contributed to Peace?" Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. January 22 at 6 p.m. Mr. F. Celoria: "The Story of the Passport."

CENTRAL Jewish Literary Society is "at home" to a team from Maccabi for a topical debate, At Folman's Restaurant, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. Wed., Jan. 19, at 8 p.m. Refreshments. Visitors welcome.

CONFERENCE of young men of 16 and over who are considering registering as conscientious objectors: at Friends' International Centre, 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, on Sun., Jan. 23, 2.30 p.m. Speaker: Bernard Withers (Secretary of Central Board for Conscientious Objectors). Tea provided.

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers, Monday, January 17, 6.30 p.m., Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4. Alec Craig: "Obscenity and the Law." Friends welcome.

"SOVIET Law": Dudley Collard, barrister, at 55 Aberdare Gdns., N.W.6. Tues., Jan. 18, at 8 p.m. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

LONDON Natural Health Society: 7.29 p.m. 3rd Mon. each month. Alliance Hall, Palmer St., S.W.1. Jan. 17: J. Keith Blagrave, D.O., M.R.O. "The Feet You Stand On." Admission free.

SUFI Service, 3.30 p.m. Sunday, Jan. 16, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. (Nr. Bond St. Station) Discourse by Miss L. Hayat Bouman.

"SOVIET Science." Dr. Alex Comfort. Fri., Jan. 21, 8 p.m. at 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Arr. by S.C.R. Medical Section.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. January 16: "Ourselves and Our Environment."

EDUCATION for Peace—fortnightly series. Mon., Jan. 17, at 8. Hugh Schonfield: "A World Outlook." New Generation, Burgh House, Flask Walk, nr. Hamp. Tube.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public lecture, Wednesday, January 19, 6.30 p.m. "Lamps Unto Yourselves." Mr. R. Percheron.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Jan. 20, 7.30. Kenneth Walker, M.A., F.R.C.S., on "The World Religion?" All welcome.

"ISRAEL and the Great Powers," talk by G. Avner, Counsellor, Embassy of Israel. Held by Y.P.S. Technion Society, Jan. 16, 8 p.m., at Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St., W.C.1. Adm., members 1s., visitors 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INDIA Day: January 26. Celebration Meeting Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1, Wednesday, January 26, 6.45 p.m. Chairman, Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: H. E. Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit (High Commissioner for India), Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Monckton, Lord Listowel, V. K. Krishna Menon. Indian songs and music. Tickets 2s. 6d., 1s., from The Indian League, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Les Tendances Actuelles de la Pensée Économique Française" will be given by Professor L. Baudin (Paris) at 5 p.m. on January 25 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. The lecture will be delivered in French. Adm. free, without ticket.

PUSHKIN Club, 24, Kensington Park Gardens, W.11, Friday, Jan. 14, 8 p.m. Tatiana Preston, Recital Russian songs (Glinka, Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky); Fri., 21st, 8 p.m. M. V. Dobuzinsky, "The World of Art"; Fri., 28th, 8 p.m. Dr. N. Zernov, "The Russian Intelligentsia at the beginning of the 20th century."

"THE Works of Gyula Hay"—the Hungarian playwright, will be discussed by Mr. Ewan MacColl on Monday, January 17, at 7 p.m., at Collet's Book Gallery, 44 & 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Adm. free. Arr. by British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., Jan. 20, 8.15 p.m. Discussion: "Horror Comics." Speakers will include Lawrence Alloway, Michael Fordham, Marghanita Laski, Peter Mauger, Sir Herbert Read. Chairman: Benn Levy. Members only.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Mr. H. D. Hughes (Principal of Ruskin College): "Labour's Education Policy." Wed., Jan. 19, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

FRIENDS House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Public meeting. "Save the Anglo-Soviet Treaty: Stop German Rearmament." The Dean of Canterbury, Pat Sloan, Chair: Andrew Rothstein, 7.30, Fri., Jan. 21. Tkts. 1s. fr. British Soviet F'ship. Soc., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash & s.a.e. with order.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assn. Mr. Harold Rosenthal on "The Story of Covent Garden," Mon., Jan. 17, Torse Shoe Hotel (next Dominion Th.) 8 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., Jan. 21, Mr. T. D. Cornwell: "New York to California via Grand Canyon." Illus. by coloured slides. 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

I.L.P. Forum, Sun., Jan. 16, 7.30 p.m. Montague Hotel, Montague St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Sq.). Dick Barnes (A.S.L.E.F.) will enlarge on his pamphlet "A Railwayman Looks at the Railways." (3d. each from I.L.P., 518 Regents Park Rd., N.3.)

ANGLO-German Association: Mr. N. Birnbaum, London School of Economics, on "The German Middle Classes," Thurs., Jan. 20, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 6.30 p.m.

CLUB 1943, 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Jan. 18 at 8. Albert Schweitzer Eve. Midia Kraus reading from his works.

GERMAN Welfare Council: Tues., Jan. 18, 8 p.m. Dr. Fritz Borinski on "Die Entwicklung Deutschlands während der letzten 10 Jahre" at German Y.M.C.A., 368 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Adm. free.

"PEACEFUL? Co-existence?"—lecture by leading Bulgarian journalist Michael Padev (author of "Dimitrov Wastes No Bullets") at Friends House, Euston Rd., Tues., Jan. 25, 7.30. Questions invited. Adm. 1s.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "The Discovery of Love" at Conway Hall, Friday, January 21, at 7.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"CULTURE and the British People": a National Discussion led by Dr. Arnold Kettle and Tom Russell, Sat. and Sun., Jan. 29-30, St. Pancras Town Hall, 10 a.m.-4.30 p.m. Tickets at 2s. 6d. for whole week-end from: National Cultural Committee of the Communist Party, 16 King Street, W.C.2.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "Dutch Painters and Promoters of Art in 17th Century" will be given by Professor J. G. van Gelder (Utrecht) at 5.30 p.m. on January 20 and 27, at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Sq., W.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London Extension Lectures—Art and the Changing Concept of Man—twelve lectures by Miss Maria Shirley on Wednesdays at 6.30 from January 19. Details from the Registrar, Newman Association, 31 Portman Square, W.1.

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